LIVE WILD



OR DIE!

After the Deluge

Hastening the downfall,

hearkening the dawn.

Live Wild or Die! Still just a slogan? Well, what was intended to be a one-time publication is headed for at least three issues, and there seems to be a lot of enthusiasm for more. The editors/creators of LWOD #1 are out frolicking in the woods, having smashed their typewriters and moved on to practice what they continue to preach orally. We inherited this project, took our turn banging on the keys, inhaling toxic white-out and running back and forth from the copy shop, struggling to remember the smells of the forest and the playful, spontaneous spirit we had momentarily suppressed to put out this damn rag. We're passing it along to some co-conspirators in Portland, and perhaps another group will take it on from there. There will be no "regular" schedule, no predictable format, no editorial consistency.

We feel it's important to emphasize: this stuff is purely for your vicarious thrills, to release your destructive urges in a harmless and entertaining fashion. We'd hate to suggest you might actually participate in the fall of industrialism, much less offend anyone. No, really, just go on being docile spectators, secure that talk can serve just as well as direct action. Why take risks?

A few suggestions on submitting materials to the next LWOD. Please do! Keep those letters, stories, poems, action write-ups, criticisms, drawings and photos coming in. If you're an artist/photographer, we'd love to see your action-related, anti-machine, pro-wild stuff. If anybody manages to take direct action that can be photographed without incriminating themselves, please send us some fingerprintless enlargements (anonymously, or course,) or better yet, take two shots, send one negative to us and keep the other for yourself. We'll destroy it when we're through. Also, if anyone has access or knows someone supportive who has access to a stat camera for free or cheap, please let us know.

Write to LWOD. Show it to your friends. Bring it in to your local alternative bookstore and get them to order a bundle on consignment. Feel free to copy from this zine freely and only give credit if you want to.

Spread these ideas around, and most of all act! Talk is cheap, action is priceless.

Let's keep inspiring each other with more creative ideas, more successful actions, more samples of wild, playful, spontaneous humor. Yes, live wild or die! Not an organization, not an ideology, just another mindless chant with a ring of truth.

DANIEL



SLINGSHOT · self-pubbing compilation of local action & anti-struggle. the layout gets better & better! By Activists, not academics. 700 Eshleman Hall, Berkeley CA 94720.

RECLAIMING newsletter · Pagans with a sense of humor and politics. Exempted from scavenge status · POB 24404, San Francisco, CA 94124.

The Word Of Dog - The Lord speaks at last + is real cynical about us all. He's got incredible handwriting. Anti-Assuage/pro-Earth. right on! POB 411233, SF CA 94141.

THE GLACIAL ERRATIC What's so wonderful about this local rad environmental newsletter is that they name the names + addresses of their eco-fucker foes. 2 issues free but NEED $ @ Connecticut River Valley ER! POB 324, Rowe MA 01367.

My mom and my sister are gonna die of multiple sclerosis. MS is not genetic--it is correlated with environmental factors. The "environmental risk factors" are caused by greed, inadequate caution and criminal disregard for the welfare of the living web.

Ché said "all true revolutionaries are guided by great feelings of love." I, for one, am also motivated by great feelings of hate for the blind, profitocentric motherfuckers who are mining our collective mother for every last inch of innard while she screams in pain.

But I don't wanna get mad; I wanna get even. How much glass (equipment, etc.=earth enslaved in the service of profit) do I hafta take out to equal one mom? And, by the time we're "even" more of my friends will be slipping away from cancer; the scorecard lengthens.

So go get even. You lose points and precious time if you get caught, so be real careful.

We will take back the earth.

For life. For the wild.

Nixie

Hi Radicals, Nice Rag, when Dana Lyons came to Prescott we set them out and got $10 so here's a few more $ for your costs. Thanks for sending em to me. Very inspirational stuff...except for how ya paid for it.
(later) Well I been to Montana and back since I wrote first. Got into some lively debate with Howie and a few others on the short comings and merits of yer rag.... They ain't exactly anarchists....I do agree that it's unfortunate you took money from the Action fund to put it together, I'd rather see it spent on Actions and bail. I thought that's what it's for.

I look forward to seeing you folks at the RRR and hear what's happenin', also discuss further some of the stuff that was covered in the mag as I certainly don't agree with all I read; there were valid points made. I particularly disliked the foreman bashing.

I did like feral faun's Love Letter. My mother too was the first to teach me about the worthlessness of women, and she tried to squeeze the wildness out of me for my protection and from her fear. But the ancients' idea of the Mother of all was multidimensional and three-fold: Maiden, Mother, Crone; and the Earth was Lover and mother; her consort was also her Son. But I like her idea of us humans participating in Nature as Lovers.....W/ Love & Light,
Peg Millett

Alphabet/Omegabet - outrageous apocalyptic graphics + rhyme. $2 to Levent Isik 1063 Cove Ave #301, Lakewood, OH 44107.

ANARCHY · A Journal of Desire Armed. A must for those following the Pagan/Anarchist debate, even if you're not sympathetic to the pro-state anarchists involved. Also they reprint lots of our graphics. $6/6 issues. C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO 65205-1446.

Processed World · Scorn and resistance in the world of work. Incredible graphics. $3.50 from 41 Sutter St., #1829, SF, CA 94104.

BAYOU LA ROSE · "A Journal of working class, ecological, Anarchist and human rights activism." It says right on the cover that "in a time of deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act." They do it all surprising, necessary truth. A credit to all participants - BLR 302 N. 7th St. Apt #3, Tacoma, Wa 98403

KICK IT OVER · another Anarchist classic. Good on feminist + native rights writings. $2 from POB 5811 Stn A, Toronto, Ont. M5W 1P2, Canada.

FACTSHEET FIVE · the directory of the zines. Absolute must. Sorcerity! Catalogues the frantic remaining fiefdoms. Mike Gunderloy 6 Arizona Ave. Rensselaer NY 12144-1502 $20/6 issues. 4/low.

Overthrow · Standard anarchist fair plus the no-pot movement's latest and weird conspiracies which are often true. @ POB 392, Cooper St. Sta., NYC, NY 10013.

Very exciting (but a little nonviolent focus) plans for EARTH DAY WALL ST. ACTION (No Business As Usual) 1990. Write ED WStAct PO Box 93, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

FIFTH ESTATE. Among the first anti-authoritarian neo-Luddites. Check out the eruclite + biting essays by pseudonymous G. Bradshaw: "How Deep Is Deep Ecology?" followed by a loquacious feud w/ Miss Ann. F.E. pob 02548, Detroit, MI 48202.

★★★★★

ECOMEDIA BULLETIN #56-58 ($15/26 issues from PO Box 915, Stn. F, Toronto, ONT, M4Y 2N9, CANADA): A frequent anarchist news roundup, with stories from the Ekomedia network of correspondents around the world. #56 includes editorial notes on abortion rights, squatters in Germany, and police brutality in New York. (HL-4t)

Dear Wild~

Dear LWOD,

I trust the "die" part refers to dead like in George Romero's day of the dead zombies shopping in the mall; I would hate to think you meant otherwise. I like to think of death in a positive way, like in Don Juan's way, where you use it as an adviser.

Anyhow, your paper is - what shall I say? - GREAT doesn't begin to cover it. If you are putting out any more issues, count me in. I'm enclosing a small (very small) check to cover a few mailing expenses. Finally! A group of people who understand. And understand that everything is connected. I especially loved your "anti-editorial." Also, "Are We Not Cows?" and the biocentrism critique.

May I make a suggestion? I will anyhow. Your column on how to scam and get away with whatever you can is great: beat the corporate beast. I would love to see some suggestions on how to take care of your health and beat the medical/pharmaceutical/disease companies. Every time you support the medical/pharmac. you are helping them in their scam of keeping so many species enslaved in their concentration camp labs. So anytime we can avoid establishment medical care we are beating them.

Well, keep up the great work and keep as happy as you can. I'll be looking forward to the next issue.

-Micki

Yo Dudes and Dudesses!

Very fine paper, jes. Here is a sample of the drivel I produce in an attempt to ram ecological consciousness down the throats of those brave Amerikans who dare read newspapers. Hence the tame writing style. Use it if you wish. (Ed. note: we didn't.) My true desires, of course, involve cutting oil execs into bite size chunks for the benefit of any creatures who might care to eat them. Crabs and sharks aren't too fussy, they might like it. Here's some $ towards the next issue.

luv,

-Merle Terpitude

Hello--
While visiting, or rather, passing thru Mr. Vernon, picked up a copy of your paper at The Co-op, so here's the $. After reading it, a couple of criticisms come to mind. Most disturbing and incomprehensible was the graphic of the cow sucking various male authority figures' penises, with the caption "cows suck." Firstly, cows are the victims, why degrade them further ?? (the obvious intention)
Secondly, what's wrong with "sucking"? To say something "sucks" seems on par with calling someone a "homo," it needs to go out the window. A lot could be said about all this, but I think you'll agree it was simply not well-considered and the point is to avoid such embarassment in the future. Thanks for putting out what was otherwise an excellent mag.

--Perry

Dear Perry,

You're absolutely right. The drawing is sick, twisted, demented, gross, and in general poor taste. It's the only thing which has kept me from sending a copy of LWOD to my own dear mother. I just don't know what made me do it.

However, my intention was not to degrade poor cows. I only meant to make the point that cattle ranchers, freddies, and politicians get off on the idea of cows. Millions of dollars of subsidies are poured into the otherwise unlucrative, environmentally-destructive business of cattle randching, all because of the macho myth surrounding the cowboy.

I also didn't mean to imply that there's anything wrong with sucking. Under the right circumstances, I'm sure we're all aware of just how much fun it is. All of the "sucks" drawings (management sucks, jail sucks, etc.) were done way back when the paper was going to be the "stumps suck" newspaper. But that's another story...

You know, I almost left that drawing out....but it made so many of my sick, twisted, demented, gross friends laugh , that I went for it anyway. Oh well. So, let me apologize to everyone who was offended by it. (hell, I even offended myself!) But let me also remind us all that some things just shouldn't be taken too seriously. Sometimes it's really more fun to be crass than correct.

Live Wild or Die,

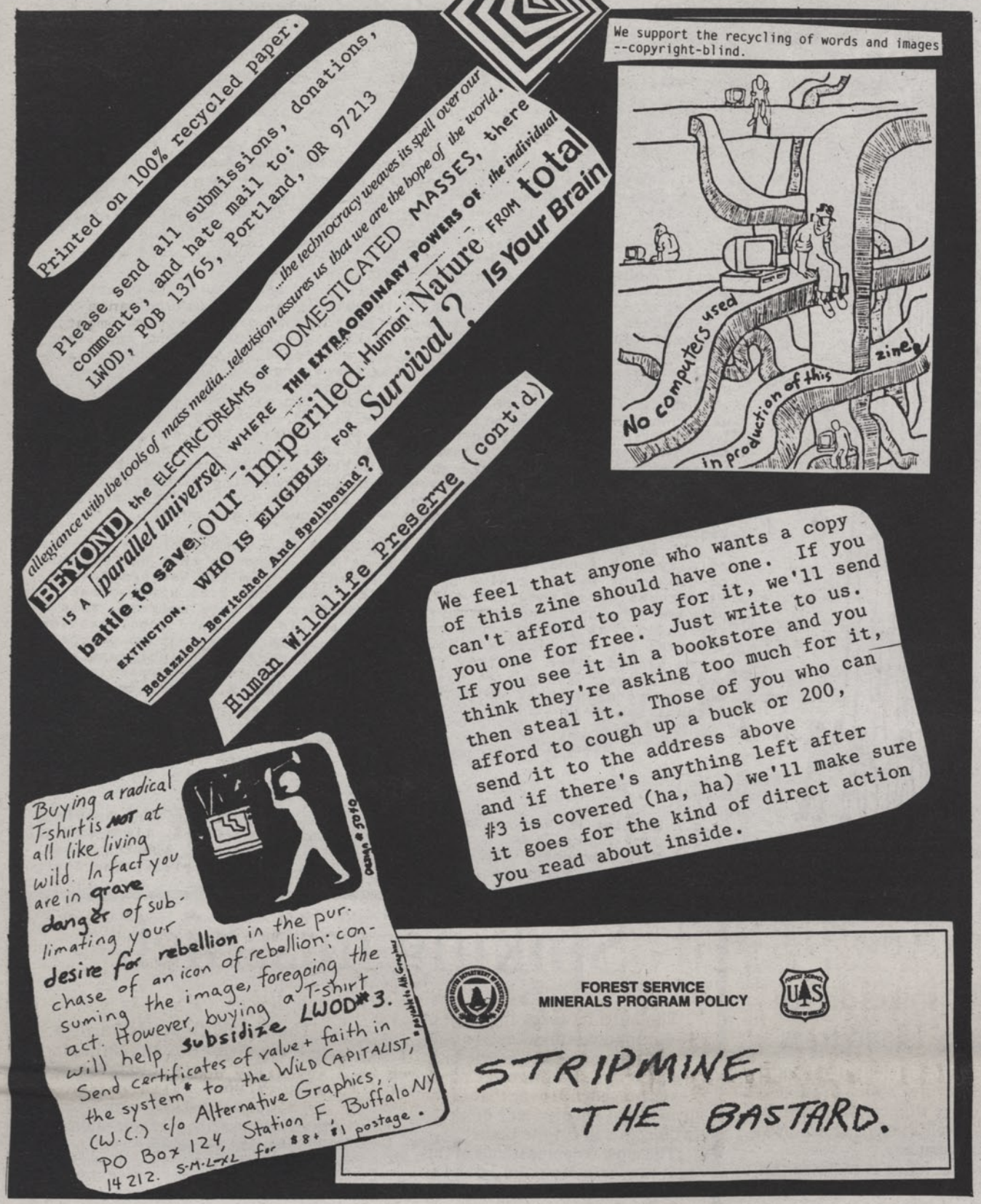
The U.S. Forest Circus and local clowns were at it again in the northern Sierra of California. In plain sight from the road, three huge yellow machines rambled back and forth across a hill, dragging trees and loading them into trucks. I watched daily as I passed by the destruction of a forest. On day one it was a lush green forest. By day seven it was a torn up slash pile. The earth was screamiing in pain and I in anger. Brown water bled from the earth as arm chair loggers swam in pools of green dollar bills. I had enough.

It was a dark Saturday evening. I had no experience. I had never used a slingshot. Never spraypainted a wall, but knew it had to be done. A quick stop along the river provided two jars of sand. Smiles passed between my companions and I.

We parked the car and walked up the torn apart hillside to the first of two monsters. It must have been a D6, hell, I don't know. Let's just call it a medium sized caterpillar. After a long silence and a good look around, gloves on, and red coated flashlight in hand, we moved to the front of the Cat. Locked, damn. What now? "Tools next time," I hear my amigo say.

Suddenly a truck comes blazing down the road with a spotlight shining back and forth across the hill. So much adrenalin my muscles lock. Got to be careful of that. We're caught! No, the truck passes by. Only drunk teenagers out for a cruise, blasting Led Zepplin.

We slip through the dark towards the shadow of another huge machine parked next to a log deck. This time it's a huge loader and I can see the oil spout begging. My companions and I close in, the monster towering over us, yet helpless. One jar in the oil, one in the gas. We're down the hill. Into the car. Down the road. Free. Happy??? You bet.



I am happy to see that the anarchists' picnic has borne fruit in the establishment of an alternative journal, though it appears I am some months late in discovering this.

Recognizing the latent fascist element within the upper echelons of EF! initially repelled me at the North Rim RRR, so I was surprised to see the discussion of an alternative to a core group holding the mailing list (i.e. purse strings.) The justification for witholding that list to avoid incriminating those on it is a raucous lie since the feds can get the entirety out of the USPO if they can justify it in their secret court movements and likely have!

The fact being that if you are the central clearinghouse for info and contacts, you collect and distribute all the funds. Immediately this suggests not only bureaucracy, but the concommittent manipulative control common to such governments as are guided by their employees, with all its myriad ramifications: propaganda, carefully worded press releases, incipient paranoia (Hitler's old Nightmare ploy - We are Surrounded by Enemies) and a willingness to defend the gravy train to the last drop of blood.

Which leads to an obvious question of what does EF! have to offer as solutions to the environmental emergency?

Wilderness proposals and redwood campaigns do nothing to abate the current socio-ecological crisis. They are simply expediencies designed to pump funds out of the upper middle class New Left children who refuse to involve themselves in any serious discussions of ecological considerations within a social context, but who rally to the romps through the untrammelled wilderness and sporting a racy political identity.

Am I mistaken, or are EF! policies designed to make the world a nicer place to live for the select few survivors who manage to avoid being in the wrong place at the wrong time when a massive toxic "accident" is arranged?

Don't get me wrong; wolves, whales, cougars, bighorns, condors and three toothed five striped snails are all pleasant company, but possess merely cosmetic value in the overall picture. (Ed. note: perhaps humans are merely cosmetic, too.) Painting a desolate landscape green won't render it any less toxic; the NFS does it all the time.

--- Simon F. Proketsion

THE WILD ONES FIGHT BACK: SOME THOUGHTS ON STRATEGY

By A. Mary Pranxter

We're at war. It's not a typical war, where all sides are fighting for power. No, we're fighting against power, against domestication. We don't want to rule anything, we just want to live wild and free. Unfortunately, there's a whole damn civilization trying to keep us from doing so. And we haven't been fighting this civilization very well.

Some of us beg it for table scraps with our petitions, giving it our names and addresses. Some of us go out in big herds, marching in line, chanting slogans, carrying signs and "demanding" that our enemies do what we want. Some of us publicly and peacefully ("civilly") disobey the law in order to get arrested. Occasionally, some of us get into pitched battles with the cops which all too often seem staged and futile, since they are a one time thing with little chance of becoming full-fledged insurrection.

We have been very visible in foolish ways, excessively organized and very serious - and we've been botching it. If we were interested in gaining power rather than destroying it, then visibility, organization and seriousness would be just what we need. But since we are out to destroy power, then invisibility, apparent randomness, and playfulness are much better weapons.

We know who the powers are that are trying to destroy all wildness; if we are at all aware, we know what they're doing and where they're doing it. In sabotaging their activity, we can't give them this same advantage. We need to be invisible. We aren't interested in publicity. We are interested in - at least temporarily - fucking up the domesticating activities of our target.

If the target can be hit in such a way as to make an explanation unnecessary, that's ideal. Should there seem to be a need for explanation, let the graffitied message either be very specific to that one situation or so general as to be untraceable. It's best not to do frequent repetition of the same graffiti in association with more intense forms of sabatoge. And don't forget that an imaginitive graffiti campaign may itself be effective in at least getting people to think.

Illegal activities for sabatoging the megamachine should be done anonymously, not under the name of any group which gives the police a handle for investigation and the media the beginning of an image which they can effectively manipulate. The problems caused by the association of monkeywrenching with Earth First! and with the names of certain individuals should be quite obvious after the arrests of the Arizona Four. Where no definable group exists, infiltration becomes quite difficult.

If we choose to write about these things, it's best to do so either in very general ways, as in this article, or in purely speculative terms, and never to use any name that is normally associated with ourselves.

Another worthwhile skill to develop is the ability to act in an apparently random way. Demonstrations, civil disobedience, even most battles with the cops are well-ordered activities. In some sense, they are orchestrated by the very forces we are fighting, because in these acts we are fighting on the enemies' terrain, we are merely reacting to them. Our acts of sabatoge need not be this way. We can strike targets when they least expect it, when they think they're off the hook. There is no need to be systematic, at least not from the perspective of our enemies with their rigid militaristic mindsets.

This life-destroying civilization surrounds us, and targets are everywhere, so there's no need to act only in reaction to its more heinous crimes against wildness. We can choose our targets with a certain level of playfulness and spontaneity; we can begin to have some control over the terrain of this struggle. By becoming a random, chaotic factor in the highly ordered and increasingly uniform world of civilization, we take the offensive. In little ways, we start to chip away at the foundations of civilization, to undermine it and help towards its collapse.

Though invisibility is essential to our illegal activities, it's no fun to extend it to the rest of our lives. Who wants to spend most of their time pretending to be a mindless slug who embraces their own domestication, or staying underground. I sure as hell don't! The only time we need to maintain invisibility is while taking illegal action. The rest of the time we can visibly be wild and playful pranksters.

Authority always takes itself seriously; what better way to undermine it than to make fun of it? If we can learn to constantly confront the forces of domestication with playful mockery and wild laughter - even our own tendencies toward domestication - we will be exposing its ugliness in the best way possible and have fun while doing it. Wherever we confront domestication - from the religious or political fanatics spouting their dogmas, to shopping malls full of mindless consumers - we can learn to sponaneously transform the situation, playfully creating spur of the moment, surreal guerilla theatre that undermines the domestication process. And, when so moved, we can plan ahead, creating events like the puke-in reported in LWOD #1. Power wants us to grow up and get serious. We can best defeat it by being playful and childish.

We live best when we live in this world as wild and merry pranksters, playfully mocking civilization and those who unquestioningly accept it. To dance, play, laugh, to avoid work as much as possible and steal from the rich and powerful, to undermine authority and domestication every chance we get: this is the life we choose. Unseen by our enemies, we do whatever we can to fuck up the workings of the mega-machine with an apparent randomness that confounds their orderly plans. It is the return of the repressed, our wildness springing forth to undermine the forces of domestication.

We have been conditioned to believe
THAT GADGETS FOR EVERYONE
just rain from the sky.



Letters to the Editor

Reader appalled at environmental 'terrorist publication'

Editor:

I would like to inform the people of Arcata who may not be aware that they can drop into your Northcoast Environmental Center and pick up a publication called "Live Wild Or Die," the Industrial Civilization Collapse Issue. If they are out, try Northtown Books, but they are free at the NEC.

This wonderful publication tells people to break windows in banks, stores and corporations. It does ask you not to break the windows of the Sierra Club. I wonder if the businesses that support the NEC would like to have their windows smashed.

This book tells you to save the dolphins by blowing up a fish factory. Do the members of the NEC want to accept the responsibility for the death and destruction that would cause?

They recommend burning factories. "Learn to burn; factories cannot burn down by themselves, they need your help." This book gives you pictures (an example of how they set the Dixon stockyard fire); so if fire is your game, this is your book.

They tell you that "theft, equipment sabotage, doing your own thing at work, slacking and redistributing the wealth (giving things away) are some of the more obvious techniques that can be done by those whose life situation demands a steady income, but who don't wish to grease the wheels." If this is what the employers that belong to the NEC are looking for in employees, try the Humboldt County Jail next time you're are looking for help. And, anyone working for these people, will pick up this book and start on a new career.

If all else fails, they ask you to have a puke-in at your local shopping malls. Consumerism makes them puke. Maybe we should all puke-in at the NEC or one of their supporting merchants. If these merchants think consumerism makes them puke, what are they doing in the business?

Oh yes, don't forget billboard vandalism. Our local preservationists seem to have a real thing for the MADD and McDonald's billboards.

"Live Wild Or Die" also tells you how to blow up transformer towers. How special! Not only will we all be without power, but someone could be seriously injured or killed by this irresponsible act.

You people that belong to the NEC should all be really proud to belong to an organization that promotes this type of thinking. Aren't there already enough problems in the world without this?

The people of Arcata should be proud to have this terrorist publication available to tourists, children or anyone who happens in the NEC door.

Debbie Hicks
Eureka

Editor's note: A spokesperson for the NEC said as of Wednesday the NEC had one copy of the book which was selling for $2.50.

TIMES-COLONIST, Victoria, BC
Sept. 28, 1984

Letters

Rumors spiked

Your recent news reports concerning the spiking of trees on Mears Island have treated this event as rumor.

The accompanying sales receipt for the purchase of spikes, and the sample spike enclosed, together with a copy of my letter to Adam Zimmerman of MacMillan Bloedel, should clarify this situation. You will note that two boxes of Ardox six-inch spikes contain over 6,000 spikes, more than enough.

Natives and whites, residents of Clayoquot Sound, are united. We will never permit the logging of Meares Island. A spiked tree is a living tree for our children.

We sincerely hope MacMillan Bloedel will not choose to sabotage its own sawmills and equipment through the logging of spiked trees from Meares Island.

C.J. Hinke,
Tofino.





should be nailed

Box 524
Tofino, B.C.
V0R 2Z0

16th September 1984

Adam Zimmerman
Chairman, and
Board of Directors
Macmillan Bloedel Ltd.
1075 West Georgia Street
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Mr. Zimmerman:

It has come to our attention recently in the Victoria Times-Colonist and CHEK-TV news reports of trees being spiked on Meares Island that some consider these reports to be rumours.

I hasten to assure you that both native and white spiking parties have been enjoying the peaceful natural wilderness of the Meares Island Tribal Park as declared by the Clayoquot Band, legal and rightful owners of Meares Island.

Your company does not own our heritage and birthright. It would be most unpleasant for you to sabotage your own equipment by logging spiked trees. Spiked the land lies living: logged the land lies dead. We shall never permit you to log Meares Island or others in our coastal heritage.

I enclose a receipt for your information and an authentic Meares Island spike for a souvenir.

In peace and life,

C.J. Hinke

VANCOUVER SUN
July 17, 1989

23,000 spikes driven to 'save' Island trees

It is commendable that *The Vancouver Sun* is exposing Brascan's rapine of the tropical rainforest in Brazil — profits before people by a Canadian company.

But you've failed to continue the connection to the clear-cutting of Canada's own temperate rainforest in B.C.: Bronfman/Brascan/Noranda/MacMillan Bloedel.

However, here on Meares Island we have some insurance against destruction: 23,000 spiked trees and a community willing to stand in the way of the chainsaw massacre.

In Canada and worldwide, save the rain forests, save the tribal peoples!

C.J. HINKE

Box 524, Tofino

SHARE OUR FORESTS
P.O. BOX 197, COBBLE HILL, BRITISH COLUMBIA V0R 1L0

Bud Smith
Attorney General
Parliament Buildings
Victoria, B.C.
V8V 1X4

July 15, 1989

Dear Mr. Smith:

Enclosed is a copy of an ad that recently appeared in New Catalyst magazine and a letter to the editor, recently printed by the Vancouver Sun newspaper. This now confirms what we previously suspected, that Carl Hinke is the person behind the Tofino tree spiking group.

Although Mr. Hinke uses his Tofino address, it is well known that he is an American and resides most of the year in California. Presumably, he confines most of his tree spiking to British Columbia since in the United States tree spiking is a criminal act. Unfortunately, at the present time such a potentially violent act as tree spiking is not considered "criminal" by the law-makers of B.C.

However, *Share Our Forests*, IWA Canada, and other concerned groups and individuals do feel that tree spikers are criminals and that such an activity constitutes terrorism and attempted murder to loggers and mill workers. Spiking a tree is like tampering with the brakes on someone's car. It is violent injury or death just waiting to happen.

Share Our Forests does not think that you or your government should wait until a logger or mill worker is killed or maimed before you pass laws that make tree spiking illegal. We also feel that newspapers, magazines and other media have a moral obligation to reject and refuse to print such objectionable ads and letters. Reporting on violence and terrorism is one thing, but advertising or promoting terrorism by the media is quite another thing. We feel that the Vancouver Sun and New Catalyst magazine should re-examine their public and moral responsibilities.

It is quite well known that Carl Hinke is a member of the Friends of Clayoquot Sound, but what is not as well known is that the Friends of Clayoquot Sound receive partial financing from the Western Canada Wilderness Committee. The WCWC publicly denounces tree spiking but privately helps finance groups whose members are tree spikers. This is something that you and your government should take into consideration whenever you are dealing with these and similar preservation groups. These groups often publicly profess to high moral principals and wide public support and yet at the same time are willing to support almost any act to gain their objectives. They are doing a con job in a very literal sense.

Yours truly,
D.M. Taylor
Danny Taylor 743-9087

c.c./ Premier W. Vander Zalm
c.c./ Jack Munro, IWA
c.c./ Earl Foxcroft, IWA
c.c./ G. Bohn, Vancouver Sun
c.c./ O. Scott, The Province
c.c./ L. Layne, Times-Colonist
c.c./ Editor, Alberni Times
c.c./ S. Bartlett, The Journal

Spiking mischief

The mischief takes the form of 15-centimetre spikes driven into logable trees by people who have decided their own forestry policy takes precedence over that of the provincial government or those with rights to cut the timber.

The most recent instance of this just arose on Malcolm Island in Queen Charlotte Strait, off north-

The 23,000 figure is hard to believe. Who but the spikers know? But who would *want to* wield a chainsaw there?

The spikers deserve a lot more than aching arms for their efforts. Prosecution, certainly.

That's difficult.

DON'T DELAY-DO IT TODAY!



WHY?

BECAUSE WILDERNESS IS RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING

IMMUNIZE YOUR FAVORITE FOREST!

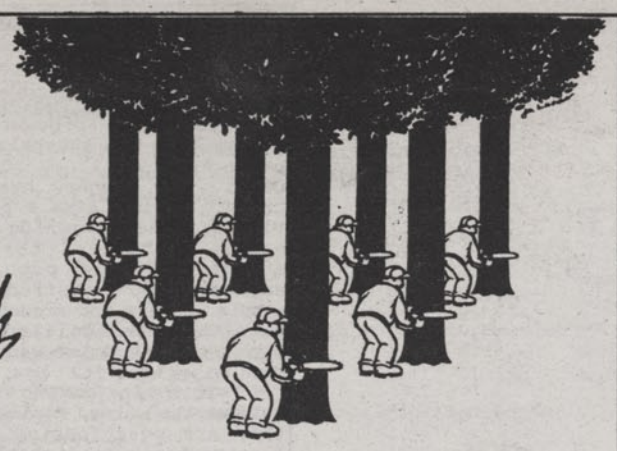
SPONSOR A SPIKER! (SP²)

Donations:

SOCIETY PROTECTING INTACT KINETIC ECOSYSTEMS
Box 524, Tofino, British Columbia CANADA

Take Action Or Die!





ADDRESS TO 1989 VANCOUVER ISLAND WILDERNESS CELEBRATION

I'm here on Ahousat territory today because the Indian people knew how to live on this planet in harmony with all beings. I pray they still do know how. But in any case, I'm willing to learn with them.

I fought by the side of Ahousaht and Tla-o-qui-at peoples for Meares Island. They don't call me Spike for nothing.

I write letters, go to meetings, give money and all these things are not enough. I spent 37 days in gaol this year for defending Ahousat territory. And even this was not enough.

Feel how peaceful this place is,,, but the rape of Mother Earth is going on night and day in Clayoquot Sound. On still nights you can see her bareness exposed by the floodlights, hear her screams.

So far no one of us has been able to stop the rape alone, so we goddamned well better start fighting together, as one people, as one family. I want you all to take a deep breath of this pure air, take a good look at that beautiful ocean, feel the presence of those trees surrounding us all, take a long look at that wonderful person next to you. Take notice that native people have lived here for 10,000 years and it's still this way. In your heart, right now, would you not do anything to defend all this?

I want to take a minute to remember Johnny Jacobsen, who died in 1987. He was my friend and he lived on Flores Island his whole life - on a perfect jewel in Clayoquot Sound. And when MacMillan-Bloedel moved into Steamer Cove in 1983, Johnny Jacobsen and the Ahousaht people brought them to court. He fought the loggers for the future of his family and his people and all of us. He lost in court, of course, and now Steamer Cove is a fucking rotten mess, like everywhere else on the west coast except for Clayoquot Sound and a few others. Even slugs wouldn't want to live there now.

Last year, Hereditary Chief Earl Maquinna George, a man I am proud to call my friend, took a stand to fight for his family's land, Ahousaht territory, part of the broader Nuu Chah Nulth territories, near Sulphur Passage. I fought with him, as did a handful of others. But where were the people?

Every day acres of mountainsides are being clearcut on Earl's land next to the Atleao River, where Fletcher Challenge is working its greedy way to untouched Sulphur Passage and Shelter Inlet. Are we going to sit idly here and live our lives letting them steal Earl's land as they are stealing all our future? No fucking way.

This year or next, another big-time rapist is going to be on the loose again on Flores Island. MacMillan-Bloedel is moving back into Steamer Cove. We made a big mistake by not fighting them last time. We'd better not make the same mistake twice or there may be no Indian land left with any trees on it. When the call goes out I'm going to stop them. Will you?

We aren't talking here about breaking the law or contempt of court or civil disobedience. We're talking about protection, defence, survival. Think about it, the choice is yours: organized monkeywrenching or random acts of vandalism?

I only know of one way to stop a rapist - a good, fast blow with a big hammer! Trees can be spiked well in advance of logging plans, undetectable rock cores and ceramic pins can be bored into trees. Do all the trees and then let the logger barons and the media know. After all, BC Attorney Gerneral Bud Smith says tree-spiking is legal!

I'd like to personally thank the Forests Forever Coalition for spiking Malcolm Island this week. You're a good example for all of us. I've just heard that Share Our Forests is spending the weekend on Malcolm Island pulling spikes which they're then going to sell. I want to announce here today that the Society for Intact Kinetic Ecosystems will buy all those spikes, because we believe in recycling. Come find them in Clayoquot Sound!

In January of this year, Thailand declared a total ban on logging when they were down to only 17% of their original forests. BC is down to only 20% and I'm calling today for a total ban on logging here; those thieves have had enough. Enough of our children's futures. They've had their share.

87% of all first-growth trees in Clayoquot Sound go to make paper. We're talking about trees 300-1200 years old. I have here ordinary loggers' earplugs. One earplug or styrofoam core plugged into a living tree with a brace and bit or a cordless electric drill, with the bark glued back over it, is guaranteed to ruin an entire batch of pulp at the mill. There is of course, the danger of loggers being hurt or injured by flying earplugs. But mostly it can just hit them where it hurts the most: in the profits!

This is a powerful place, a place where the web of life to which we all are connected is abundantly clear. But the temperate rainforests here in Clayoquot Sound are connected with the tropical rainforests remaining in the Amazon, South Asia and Africa. This is the web of life and we are but one of its creatures. If we don't change ourselves the earth may well decide we are but one more unsuccessful experiment, ripe for extinction.

It's time for us to start right now living every day as warriors for the earth or dying a little more every day as slaves and whores to money. Live wild or Die!

You all should notice that my talk is written on recycled legal injunctions, putting them to their best use! In closing, I'd like to play you a little song. Sing along now, follow the bouncing spike!

Save the rainforests. Save the tribal peoples. Every home has a hammer.

C.J. HINKE



A TEST

(Measure your survival I.Q.)

The greenhouse effect is warming the planet. Standing forests are crucial for survival. If you had to choose between Death and giving up the following items, which would you choose (check one):

	Give Up Item	Death
redwood hot tubs		
toothpicks		
cigar boxes		
billboards		
shade & map rollers		
coffins		
patio decks		
junk mail		
gift wrap		
paper packaging		
Pampers		
paper cups, plates		
non-recycled paper		
new bedroom set		

Call Weyerhaeuser
(Toll-Free)

Tell them to clean up their act!

Weyerhaeuser may not be cutting timber on public lands, but they are engaged in clearcutting private forest lands, destruction of tropical rainforests, and are one of the "Filthy Five" (leading U.S. toxic waste producers).

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(US ex NC) 800 654-8796

Weyerhaeuser Co
(DC, DE, GA, MD, OH-513, 614, SC, TN, VA, WV) 800 438-4423

Weyerhaeuser Company Columbus Ohio
(IN, KY, MI-313, 517, 616, NY-716, PA-412, 814, VA, WV) 800 334-0873

Weyerhaeuser Springfield Ply Veneer Sales
(US ex OR) 800 547-4310

Weyerhauser Treating Plant
(US ex AR) 800 228-3566
(US ex AR) 800 643-7070
(AR) 800 535-3444
(AR) 800 632-4616

Weyerhauser Investment Recovery
(US ex WA) 800 472-8258
(WA) 800 472-9273

Weyerhaeuser

EARTH FIRST!

WHERE I WAITED FOR YOU

Where I'd waited for you
to emerge from the dark forest at dusk,
white alders interspersed
keeping my mind alert--
I waited for you to merge
from another spiking done,
across the river
deceptively calm
below the heavy granite shoulders
so like yours
the peaks east reflecting rose
where I waited for you to rejoin me--
where I came today to wail,
raised my hands beseeching
dipped my face in cold depths
to wash the tears into a longer flow
as I waited for a voice to come
from the trees, the river, the mountains
of you
an unknown bird flashed,
calling harshly--
Look about you!

The sunset turned from gold to ash
your ashes in the sky
a heron silently glided
and I saw you,
the granite mountain.

10/23/88 --Lone Elk
(George Callies died 10/14/88)

Are we really better than a wolf or a dolphin or a microorganism in the soil? Under the present-day legal system they have virtually no rights whatsoever, just like blacks and American Indians not so long ago.



"QUICK! LOOK OVER THERE! IT'S THAT DANG SPOTTED OWL THAT MADE ME CLOSE YOUR MILL!"

Look! It's Ecodefender putting Himself First!

LEWISTON MORNING TRIBUNE
Sunday, August 13, 1989

The decision by members of that holier-than-thou environmental fringe church, Earth First, to go climb a tree this week is not only a welcome relief from that organizaiton's usual infatuation with violence but an act replete with symbolism.

There is something appropriate about violent members of our kind returning to the trees from which our genes and our violent nature came.

And the plan to sit in trees this week to protest logging practices places these people on perch from which they will find it easier to continue looking down on the millions to whom they consider themselves superior.

Moreover, going up in the air like Superman is in keeping with their heroic image of themselves. Consider the name, for starters. They spell it "Earth First!" making a boastful exclamation point part of the name. They like to call themselves "warriors for the Earth" and "ecodefenders." And they refer to their tendency to spike trees and disable bulldozers by the cutesy coinage "ecotage" — an amalgamation of ecology and sabotage.

There is something adolescent about adding vainglorious exclamation points to your name and declaring yourself an ecodefender. It sounds like somebody who has seen the "Batman" movie too many times and goes swinging through the trees in a leotard with a big "E" on his chest.

"Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's Ecodefender! Faster than a spike hammer! More powerful than a lumber company lobbyist! Leaps democratic principles in a single bound!"

Like most such sanctimonious heroes, the Earth First ecodefenders are the opposite of what they call themselves. The Moral Majority, for instance, was neither a majority nor politically moral in its wish to impose the views of one narrow sect on an entire nation.

Similarly, Earth First members don't spring from a wish to place the Earth first. They spring from a self-centered need to place themselves first. Like abortion clinic bombers, ecodefenders have declared their precise view so unarguably correct that they will tolerate no disagreement, no debate, no democracy in deciding which forests to preserve and which to use. They know down to the last tree what to do and everyone who disagrees is a knave or a fool who must be overridden by unilateral, violent action.

Earth First is a belief, not in the whole Earth, not in the breadth and worth of all humanity but in self and in one's own righteousness. It rejects the opinions of everyone else on Earth. It rejects the notion that wise actions grow out of considering all views. Indeed, it resorts to subterfuge and force to impose its verdicts on all others.

That isn't Earth First! That's Me First! And people like that belong in trees. — B.H.



we know we can't hope to get any money out of you guys, so.....
YOUR BODIES ARE URGENTLY NEEDED!

Activists from around California are now preparing to interrupt the Department of Fishy Games' third annual Nelson Bighorn Sheep hunt, and the first ever Tule Elk. The actions of the past two years to interfere in the Bighorn hunt have proven so effective that our illustrious hunting establishment has passed legislation outlawing our activities. First law that radicals like us have ever successfully gotten passed. Pretty good, huh?



Now that hunt sabotage is illegal, 'Hunt Saboteurs' has been effectively reduced to a support network for the actual activists, and we hope to help with possible fines, press work, education, and with luck, the overturning of this gosh-dern law. For the activists themselves, the risks are now higher, with first offenses bringing $100+ infractions, and second offenses bringing misdemeanor charges in the neighborhood of $500. It's harsh, we know. But we don't recommend that you do anything so brazen and rude as to interfere in good lawful hunting. Don't break laws--we don't want trouble. Just get out there and wave your signs around while they haul in their sheep and elk carcasses.

A good place to wave your sign will be at Cache Creek (east of Hwy. 53, south of Hwy. 20, west of Hwy. 16, north of Morgan Valley Road in Lake/Colussa/Yolo counties) between Oct.21 and Nov.5, and in the Old Dad, Kelso, and Marble Mountains In San Bernardino County, December 2-17. Bring light backpacks, camouflage, food, good shoes, binoculars, topo maps, and toothbrushes. Oh, and don't forget your Watsco Coast Guard regulation power pack air horns...to, er, prevent any possible boating accidents.

So get in touch, stay in touch, and help us occupy the killing fields this fall.

HUNT SABOTEURS
P.O. BOX 2981
Santa Cruz, CA 95063-2981
or call (408) 475-4587

NO SCHOOLS FISH = NO FISH POOP = MASSIVE PLANKTON DIEOFF = NO O_2 = WORLDWIDE DROUGHT 1990's

PSYCHOPATHIC SEX OFFENDERS EXPOSED

We had the fortune and the blessing of picking up your masterpiece Newspaper at the Lab Animal Liberation gathering in Sacramento. On the drive home I read the paper out loud to my buddy from cover to cover. We laughed hysterically and we cried. It was like a prayer answered to finally read something filled with life energy instead of the bland, socially accepted little poo poo newsletters designed not to offend anyone. Those people who tip toe around the mulberry bush with their benign little cutesy slogans such as "What do we want? Animal Rights. When do we want it? Now."

This is coming from people who whisper the words, "Animal Activists" while they are pussyfooting around the bush, keeping their fashionably low profile and walking on egg shells, making sure they don't seem too radical for fear that the mindless, placid supporters will keep sending in their guilt bucks in the name of their fluffy little pooch, the slave who must learn to beg and sit and beg and heel and shame himself if he pisses on the carpet and come crawling back to beg for forgiveness. The pooch is a cheap investment for guaranteed unconditional love...a slave to it's master's ego gratification.

Oh, and everytime the ALF (Animal Liberation Front) exposes the hidden crimes committed in the labs, they all squeal to the media about how they weren't responsible and how they could never condone such irrational acts of violence and vandalism.

The others of us, who dare to call ourselves "Animal Activists," scream and yell and celebrate the brave souls who risk their lives for the helpless little creatures whose only mistake in life was to be be born the "wrong" species. We are ostracized and called "radical" for fighting vivisection on the grounds of scientific fraud, which is attacking it at its source. Ethics has been argued for decades and where did that get us? Ridicule and laughter, since we posed no threat to those who rake in $100,000.00 a year for devising new ways to mutilate, torture and molest mother earth's little 4 legged creatures. Afterall, they can't lobby or protest on ethical grounds. They can't even scream because the vivisectors cut their vocal cords and just savor and laugh at the tormented little faces being crushed in stereotaxic devices. The more animals they can mutilate the more grant money they can get.

They publish their dirty little animal sex experiments in the most prestigious, respected medical journals in the country, but beware! If we mention "penis" on a radio show, they shut us up immediately. They don't want to offend all those delicate ears of all those delicate people who are paying tax dollars for Emil Tanagho, Head of Urology at UCSF, and Thomas Lue, UCSF, to peel back the skin on someone else's discarded pooch and electrocute his exposed penile nerve for hours on end until he dies. Oh yes, folks! These high society assholes are allowed to do this everyday, but we'd better not DARE talk about it.

"Is this for real?" You ask. Check it out for yourself. Just look up some of their masterpieces in the Journal of Urology. Oh and while you're at it, check out some of Julian Davidson's shit at Stanford. In one of many experiments this pervert allowed male rats to copulate with females and decapitated them immediately after the first intromission or after the first ejaculation in order to analyze neurochemicals of various parts of the brain and spinal cord following sexual arousal and ejaculation. (Phys & Behav 41:341-5. Supported by grant MH21178 paying $150,873 as well as a grant from the National Science Foundation of an unknown amount.

So any of you would be sex offenders, here's your chance. Become a vivisector and fulfill all of your ugliest fantasies and get paid for it! You can join Stephen Glickman at UC Berkeley, whose published the most worthless, bizarre sex studies on hyenas, you'd ever want to read about.

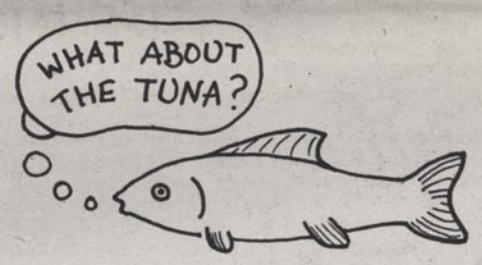
And check out some of Russell De Valois' masterpieces. He drills holes in monkey brains. One of his primates had to be euthanized without his permission as it was gangrenous and so weak it could not reach water and was observed trying to drink its own urine. That's UC Berkeley, folks!

For 27 years Frank Beach, also from the glorified UC Berkeley Genius Pool, conducted experiments involving the masculinization of female dogs which attempts to force them to urinate standing up and masturbate. Very long, detailed abusive history.

See "Politicians", next page

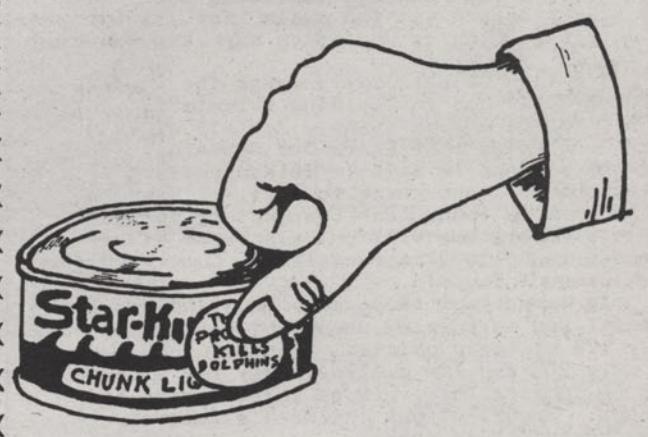


The Without Borders Anarchist Convention and Festival saw 2000 anarchists from North America, Mexico, and Europe descend on the Bay Area from July 20 to 25. The Ocean/Dolphin Task Force organized Furious Flippers, a marine mammal workshop aimed at informing and inciting! About 60 people showed up and shared information on marine issues. In contrast to the prevailing @-con atmosphere of endless circular talk and abstract idealism, anarchists were more than ready to organize for immediate action. The issue: an annual slaughter of 200,000 dolphins in tuna fishing nets. The target: Safeway. The time: Sunday afternoon, meet under the dolphin banner at the anarchist picnic. The plan: blanket the store with Truth in Labelling silent agitator stickers (see the Lughnasadh EF! journal) and raise a little hell outside. We hauled out the paint, nets and cardboard, and got to work on props.



Of course a little groundwork never hurt anyone...Saturday evening our team of sticker warriors convened in a downtown warehouse, donned their most innocuous clothing, and stuffed their pockets with stickers. We're going shopping! After a good hour there was nary a Ding-Dong, 9 Lives box, or ketchup bottle left unimproved, and the tuna aisle was a sea of dayglo orange. Even the carts themselves couldn't escape our fervor, as we strolled the cart trains decorating the push handles.

You can't beat a good dumb slogan, and"2-4-6-8, Save the Dolphins, Smash the State" did us very well the next day as about 40 of us grabbed banners and monofilament nets, circled the crowd once



before leaving the Anarchist picnic, and headed for the Church and Market Safeway. Excitement was high: upon arrival we just kept on pumping and marched our asses right into the joint, past the checkstands and up the produce aisle, through the Sunday shoppers (here, wanna leaflet?) chanting at the tops of our lungs. Up the aisles, down the aisles...gosh, looks like the sticker squad was here already. And oh my! what's this? Someone has already gotten the tuna aisle! Gee, they've loaded up cart after cart with morally-tainted tuna products; the little dolphin-killing buggers are all over the floor and some young people in black have run back out to the sidewalk and strewn them simply everywhere! Naughty, naughty!

The manager called the cops and they showed up in force: ten from the Tac Squad on their darling little Yamaha dirt bikes, a few in those oh-so-practical station-wagon thingies, and some in family-style sedans. We were back in front of the store by then, too busy chanting and enacting a street-

See "Earthquake", next page

SAVE THE TULE ELK!

A fine time was had by all during the sabotage of California's first (and we hope last) Tule Elk hunt during the last week of October and first week of November. The hunt, organized by the Ca. Dept. of Squish and Maim, was the first since the late 1800's, when the Tule Elk were all but wiped out by a white man infestation. The elk population reached a "stable" level of 2000 this year.(it was ½ million in pre-white days), so Squish and Maim decided that they could raise some beer money by allowing obese, trigger-happy pinheads into the woods to gun down the elk as trophies. Fifteen permits to kill elk were sold, one auctioned for $59,000, and the hunt took place in rugged country along Cache Creek, near Clear Lake in northern California.

Santa Cruz-based Hunt Saboteurs was also there, to defend the elk's rights and generally have a good time harassing hunters. So for two weeks, a group of highly dedicated activists risked bullets and arrest in order to follow the hunters around and blow air horns whenever they got too close to the elk. Hunt Sabs were photographed, chased, threatened, shot at, and generally bothered, trying to keep elk heads off the walls of these assholes. A reporter from Berkeley was attacked, beaten, and arrested by a Bureau of Land Mismanagement special agent while taking pictures of Hunt Sabs being hassled. His charge: assault on a federal officer. The excuse: "the clicking of his camera was scaring our horses, so I had to beat the shit out of him for his own protection." Gunshots, of course, don't spook horses.

Two Hunt Sabs were shot at while following hunters in an area of "private" land known as the Gun Club. The Gun Club is a retreat for local gun-toting drunken yahoos, who blast away at anything that moves or doesn't move, with high-powered rifles. The deficiency of the skill of these "sportsmen" is shown by the fact that they missed both of the Sabs, who were out in the open at the time.

The final score: Hunt Sabs: 10 elk saved
Hunters and "authorities": 1 arrest

SHOOT A HUNTER.

"Politicians", from previous page

And we want to castrate mere rapists? Seems to me there should be a new Vivisection Movement! We might envision mass castration of vivisectors to see if they're still so eager to sexually mutilate hundreds of animals post castration. Or maybe we should expose THEIR penile nerves and electrocute them for weeks at a time. We'll use their protocols! Afterall, they must be legitimate! Hey! They're published! That means we can extrapolate that information and do what they do. We could remove their vocal cords and watch their faces contort and their suspended corpses convulse. We could publish the results in their own journals! We could get a grant from NIH! Afterall, they are animals, aren't they? The worst kind, in fact! Except in this case, it would help humanity since it will help us to understand why vivisectors love to sexually mutilate innocent animals! We could get some insight into this soon to be endangered species. Endangered, because, I have an inkling that vivisection would kind of lose its appeal after a while.

And since Robert McCormick on KCBS supports vivisection and vivisectors so much, he could be bought for research. Sort of like pound seizure. Seems we have some unwanted animals in the media these days.

Castro
7 Vivi Section
Cuttington, New Society





C'mon! Look at these fangs! . . . Look at these claws! . . . You think we're supposed to eat just honey and berries?





"Earthquake", from previous page

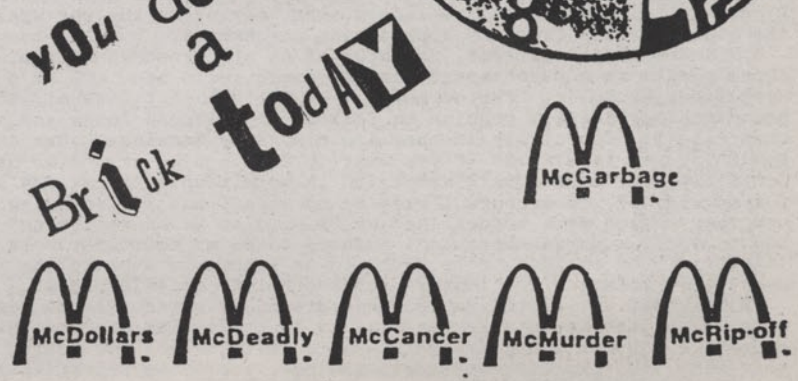
theater style dolphin kill to pay much attention. The man from the TV station was taking pictures but we never did find out if they were shown that night; anarchists hate television. When we were given five minutes to leave the property we happily complied, marching off in two different directions, circling around the perimeter of the Safeway and onto the street where we acted up for traffic for a while and then went our separate ways.

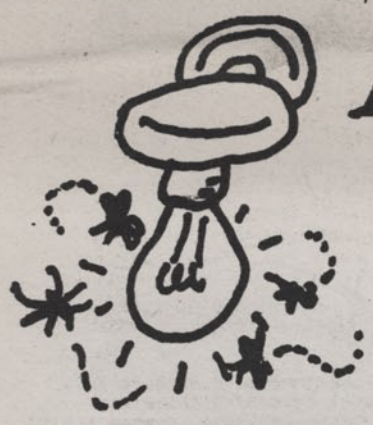
It was a fun day of Sunday shopping: the Ocean/Dolphin Task Force highly recommends product tampering and sabotage for bringing the (environmental) family together! Join in the fun: write them now at P.O. Box 77062, San Francisco, CA 94107-7062. There's also a sticker order form in the Lughnasadh EF! Journal; they come with a product hit-list and Truth in Labelling instruction sheet. Don't leave home without 'em. -- bat(ray)girl

FOOD IS A PRIVILEGE! (NOT A RIGHT)
ECO-RADICALS should protest, but fer goddess' sakes, NEVER shoplift. Especially don't shoplift from the bastards who sell pesticide-laden produce. They WORK hard for their profits and to bring the farm workers of the world cancer & birth defects (Put em out of their misery!)

And. if food is unavailable in yer ghetto neighborhood store, chomp on sugar, preservatives, alcohol and above produce gratefully. Whining is immature. Smile and feed your kid industrial brand Kwashiorkor. ☺

you deserve a Brick today





Around the Lightbulb

Nagasaki Johnson

Lately we've all had to examine where we're at. Not just because we were infiltrated and set up by the feds, but because I think most of us sense that things are somehow different now, that they can never really be the same again. We have made some sort of transition from the "new kid on the block" to a recognizable institution, and one that can now be singled out as a target for repression.

In the early days of Earth First!, we were the ones that picked the targets. Confrontations were done on our terms. We could always disappear into the background and pick up our lives just where we left off. Now it is not so easy to blend in. Some of us are being harassed in our communities, some have even fled to new locations under threat of violence. Anybody surprised? I didn't think so.

I was pondering all this lately while reading Dave Foreman's last installments of *Around The Campfire* and *Dear Ned Ludd* (*Earth First!*, November 1, 1989) I felt compelled to respond because I strongly disagree with this whole notion Dave is laying down: that you have to conform to society to be an effective wilderness activist, that you can't be a casual monkeywrencher, and that CD and monkeywrenching are somehow different from each other and are done by different kinds of people.

And what's all this talk about obeying laws? Avoiding illegal drugs? Simon and Garfunkel? Give me a break!, Is guarding against becoming a "jail junkie" who "hungers for excitement" or a monkeywrencher who is "captivated by the intoxication of destroying machines" and the dangers of falling into a "delirium" really burning issues for us to be considering?

I don't know about you, but I've never known a jail junkie or a delirious monkeywrencher. It sure doesn't sound like anybody I have met in Earth First! But I *have* met various people who have done one or more of the actions Foreman describes. I consider them all responsible people who each have something important to contribute. Hell, I've been arrested more times than most Earth Firsters that I know, including two times in the last three months. Once for protesting the World Bank's funding of mega dams and genocide, and last week for protesting US backing of the murderous dictatorship in El Salvador. And yet I also get a thrill from the sound of several people spiking trees in unison deep in the old growth forests. I even get a warm fuzzy feeling when I lick a stamp to send off a letter to my representative in congress. Those feelings are good, but they have never been the motivation for action in and of themselves. I am not a junkie.

I have seen and heard a lot lately about how we are supposed to act now that the FBI is watching us, and how we should walk a straight line and become more secretive. I say to hell with that! I, for one, do not plan on doing anything any differently now than I did last year, except to maybe spend more time in the country.

Seriously folks, I can remember when the Yippies were being infiltrated during the 1972 Democratic and Republican national conventions. The saying went then that infiltrating the Yippies was like infiltrating a marshmallow. We had no perimeter to defend, everyone just naturally looked out for each other. Infiltration was never a successful tactic with the Yippies, and neither should it be for Earth First!

The fact that we are now targets for campaigns by the government is a testimony to our effectiveness. It means we are getting people's attention. There is now political hay to be made by dealing with the Earth First! "problem". As we are stereo-typed and vilified, we are also entering the mass consciousness as dynamic eco-warriors. We started out declaring that we would say what needed to be said no matter what the political realities. Now that the heat is on, are we supposed to change?

I can't believe that Foreman is now worried about alienating potential supporters. The fact is that we have received more damaging critism and lost more support from people who we should be working with from statements that Foreman has made than from any jail junkie, pothead, shoplifter or true believer. Yet he has refused to respond directly to his critics on the issues of illegal immigration and the politics of the Ethiopian famine. Better he should spend some time doing this than using space in the Journal to attack Earth Firsters he sees as straying from the party line.



We are all responsible for the way we are seen by the public. We deliberately created an image of Earth First! to present to the mass media. Even in its distorted and inflated state, I, for one, am proud of what we have achieved to this end. We are the environmental extremists that everyone now uses as a reference point. The question that remains is: *Are we still in control?* Have we been transformed by what has happened to us or are we making deliberate and conscious adjustments as we advance the struggle to build our movement? The answer lies in how you view the present. Is it a crisis, or is it an opportunity?

It doesn't matter if you're into civil disobedience, monkeywrenching or square dancing, the most important consideration is to maintain personal control and self respect. When we make a decision to confront the powers that be, we can maintain some control by assessing and accepting the risks involved, and by taking the necessary steps to minimize our exposure to the unexpected. This is our personal responsibility, but being cautious or pragmatic as opposed to impulsive or foolhardy has little to do with it. Risks are often necessary and unavoidable, and we cannot begin to quantify much less eliminate the risk involved in challenging the system. At some point we have to accept this.

I once studied avalanches back in the days when I aspired to become a back-country ski ranger. My instructor once told me that if I wanted to be completely sure that a slope wouldn't slide and bury me if I tried to ski down it, I should stay the hell off of it. Nobody goes skiing in the back country without coming to grips with the possibility of a major disaster. In some cases we jump into the chute even though we don't know what will happen to us. We accept a higher risk factor because of the rewards offered.

A friend of mine died unexpectedly several summers ago when he slipped and fell from a glacier in the Grand Tetons. I remember my inability to see or feel it as a tragedy. This was because I knew he lived to climb mountains, and that the risk of falling was an accepted part of mountaineering. So when I hear of a person being arrested for ecotage, I don't want to see that as a tragic or negative event. I want to see it as an affirmation that there is a struggle, that there is a movement, and that there are people who are willing to take some risks. They are raising the stakes. They deserve our support, but not our pity. The last thing they would want is for us to back off now because they have fallen. Having spent four months in jail myself, I can testify to the fact that you are not out of the movement when you are behind bars, you are at the very center.

I am not arguing that the risks that we now face for fighting back should be accepted as normal. We need to challenge the hypocrisy of a legal system that is exemplified by the orwellian Department of Justice and the FBI. If we can't have wilderness because it is too risky to advocate it, could it possibly be because the state, in trying to isolate us from the mainstream, has cast us as a dangerous threat to society in order to maintain their control? And if that is true, don't we have to challenge that whole system, or at least the parts of it that threaten us with extinction by holding both us and nature captive.

It <u>is</u> us and them. And we know who they are. The enemies of wilderness are also the enemies of freedom and democracy. This is the same powerful elite that forcefully establishes large monocultural

See "Lightbulb" II

AGAINST the WILD

same war, different front

domesticate, 1.(v.t.) to change from a wild to a tame or cultivated state, 2. (fig.) to make fond of home and family life.

I.

If even ten percent of us beast-belly dwellers acted in our own interests, this charade would crumble. But, ever try to find the green fire in a cow's eyes? One of the most hopeful thoughts I've had about social reality is that the present-day homo sapien, like the planet as a whole, is a victim of the war against the wild. Thus, we are not innately -- as a species -- stupid, servile and vicious, any more than a wolf is before she is made into a poodle or a doberman.

We can only speculate about what wild people, undamaged by the matrix of social conditioning, eg coerced participation in the nuclear/patriarchal family, the school system, gender role training, pressures for sexual, mental and emotional conformity, religion, work, and placement on the socioeconomic pyramid, are like. We get a sense of it from the fragmentary writings of the last Lakota, or in our educational slide shows on the plight of the Penan in Malaysia. But even these are cultures in the process of extinction, hardly representative of wild, thriving communities.

Unless we base our politics in our own experience -- rather than on vicarious suffering and outrage -- we are in danger of having our resistance become part of the spectacle, argue the Situationists. The spectacle is the world of managed images and forms, created by the power structure and permeating our brains through the very structure of language, artificial environment, etc. I find that political empathy (in contrast with paternalistic sympathy) is a better motivation for action. It leaves me more able to listen to oppressed beings, rather than speak for them. Act with, rather than on behalf of. This requires that politically I begin, while fearing to come off egotistical or self-pitying, to speak of me and share my personal world. So, I've decided to talk more and more openly about my encounters with the reality cops and write about the war against the wild in human nature. I believe this war is in its last stages, mirroring the war against all the other species (rapidly approaching checkmate).

I'm an ex-mental patient, daughter of an electroshock victim. I did three months as a psychiatric inmate, seven years ago, and am a certified psychotic. Furthermore, I am not all that unusual; it is becoming increasingly popular to lock up troublesome folks and assign them labels. Especially if they are minors or homeless. But it's not something you talk about if you want to escape pity or social ostracism. Certainly, the more I talk about it, themore people I meet who say "hey, you know what?, my parents locked me up when I was 15 for being a slut and they called me a borderline" or "I used to be on stelazine" or "I had to go to a shrink because I refused to do my homework." In heavily industrialized society there seems to be a need to ever refine the concept of normalcy and improve the technology of enforcement.

Think about it. First you endure childhood, given all the rights of a slave, and taught from infancy to identify with the desires of your oppressor. Human young are helpless to self-nurture for years. During that time your own best interests are best served by placating the all-powerful parent to the extent of not recognizing your own desires as different and separate. It becomes a habit. It becomes "natural" to confuse your own needs with the impulses the powerful need you to have.

Learning to tell lies: a natural part of child development

Childhood is a social invention. When the Romans conquered Europe they introduced an extreme form of coporal punishment for children, a type of childrearing previously unknown by the preceding indigenous, pagan, comparatively non-militaristic cultures (see J. Grahn, Another Mothertongue, p. 220). Though most US schools no longer use corporal punishment, rampant physical and sexual abuse remain part of our child-rearing style (see Alice Miller's books) at home, in the juvenile halls and in daycare centers. Certainly, the ideology of legitimate coercive authority over the young remains. Prolonged helplessness and dependence on the whims of elders are part of the institution of childhood and seem normal to us. Under patriarchy, the child, like the womon, is property. And often the slave's dearest wish is to become a slaveholder. The most basic forms in which we live are domesticating.

School, of course, is another MAJOR domesticator. In compulsory education you learn to allow exterior directives to override interior reality ("Please, may I go to the bathroom?"). The curriculum itself teachs that knowledge of theory and conceptual language is far more valuable than practical activity of any kind.

While researching the history of the Wobblies (IWW), I noticed something pretty amazing. Recent immigrants to the U.S., those who had never been through the public educational system, were incorrigibly lazy and rebellious workers. They would never go to work unless they needed money and then would just work long enough to make some and leave. They were late, often drunk and disobedient. And they were incredibly courageous organizers.

Hundreds of immigrant wobblies -- organizing across language barriers, as few spoke English, and risking deportation back to starvation -- would to to jail. THey would withstand imprisonment in which firehoses were turned on them in the dead of winter (many men, women and children caught fatal pneumonia), and refuse to break strike and go back to work, choosing to stay in jail instead. I noticed that their children, who had been through the public schools and also who had never experienced self-directed, land-based work (as their immigrant agricultural worker-parents had) did not come close to building a similarly rebellious labor movement (see Melvyn Dubofsky's work on the IWW).

There are myriad other forces which make people more useful to civilization than to themselves. In fact, one can easily begin to see the goal of culture itself as domestication.

II.

My politics have been rather allover the place. As time goes on I cease to be able to separate issues. Speaking out against psychosurgery is the same as opposing clearcutting. Any time life is owned and treated as property, there is a spectrum of exploitation and abuse that occurs. And the planet is alive.

So I find myself comfortable trashing the Chilean Embassy for the anniversary of Pinochet's reign in Chile, at home at EF! demos, at the American Psychiatric Association Convention picket last spring, at the TV smash-in, at reproductive rights actions, gay freedom marchs, Take Back the Night marchs, etc. Really rejecting property rights necessitates a pretty all-encompassing discontent. There are so many instances of the same thing -- life fighting to regain autonomy, the powerful trying to paternalistically (eg Forest Service "management") control the wild, or blatently (eg CIA torture expertise) crush both the wild and life itself.

In my own story, as you might expect, there are lots of messy details. I am a manic-depressive, meaning my energy metabolism goes in approximately yearly cycles, leaving me with half a year in which I can't think too swiftly, and am generally sluggish, and another half year in which I don't sleep very much and am generally hyperactive. Though the neurochemistry of the phenonmenon is still not understood, it is known to be genetic and fairly common.

My grandmother dealt with it through alcoholism -- the traditional remedy for sleeplessness and not at all recommended. My mother fell into the hands of classical psychiatry and was given several sets of electroshock treatments, starting from age 19. Finally, she was put on lithium salt, the now standard treatment, FDA approved in the early 70's.

I began getting depressed as a teenager and was treated with phenothiazines and tricyclic antidepressants. The side effects of these drugs include death, and I was never warned not to mix them with alcohol. When I finally got ahold of a physician's Desk Reference and realized that the drugs I'd been pushed were dangerous, I stopped going to the shrink, stopped taking drugs and moved out of my not-too-pleasant home. I spent the summer demonstrating with the Yippies, didn't sleep much and took off for Northwestern University (on my generous

Symptoms had remitted and patient was bright, socially interactive, and hopeful of returning to work. He said he felt "like my old self."



graphic: Ann Moriyasu

PSYCHIATRY: facts
Common drugs create epidemic of brain damage!

TRUST THORAZINE
brand of
CHLORPROMAZINE

Brand names include:
Thorazine, Haldol, Prolixin, Nevane, Mellaril, Stelazine, Compazine, Dartal, Daxolin, Lidone, Loxitane, Moban, Orap, Permitil, Prokazine, Quide, Repoise, Serentil, Teractan, Tindal, Trilafon

IN A WORLD WHERE CERTAINTIES ARE FEW...



Ativan
lorazepam

Controlled Drug Delivery
with new
PROLIXIN DECANOATE
(FLUPHENAZINE DECANOATE INJECTION)
Puts control of the schizophrenic in your hands with injections 1 to 3 weeks apart or longer with an average duration of effect of about 2 weeks
SQUIBB

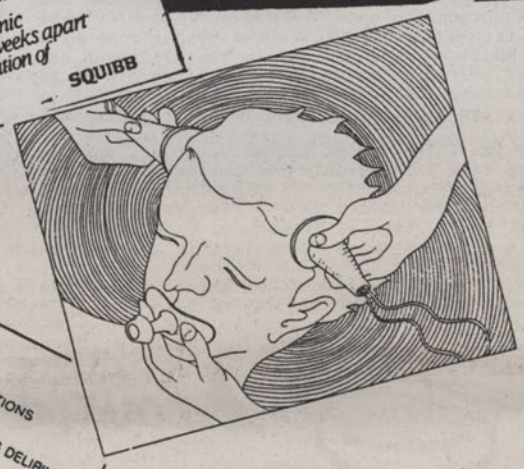
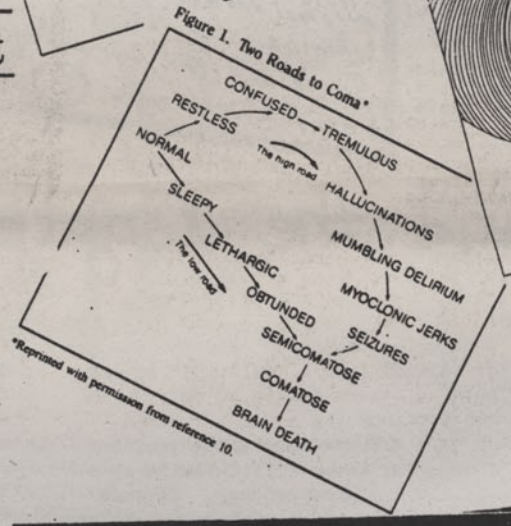


Figure 1. Two Roads to Coma*



*Reprinted with permission from reference 10.

Whatever doesn't kill power is killed by it.





FIG. 15. X-ray film shows electrodes in amygdala similar to those of patient Clara T on the side opposite the temporal lobectomy.



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scholarship/financial aid scam) in the fall. There, I crashed. That's the danger with manic depression. The sleep deficit catches up with you and suddenly you wind up on involuntary sabbatical, without the energy to do much, or even process information, for a time.

I was lucky. My parents had insurance so I got to go to a clean, middle class facility where I was lied to about medication but not forcibly drugged and only threatened with rape once. This is not a worst case scenario.

Though I was technically a "voluntary" patient, when I left the hospital and went several counties away, the NYPD came to my friend's door to drag me back, illegally, mainly at the request of my uncle who is an assistant district attorney in Manhattan. When I filed legal papers to get out, my state-appointed lawyer told me that these cases always lose. Later, a friendly psychiatrist informed me that in NY state 75% of the rulings are in the patient's favor. But, of course, after filing my written request to leave, all my vistors were barred, I was moved to a more restrictive ward, and my request was held up illegally by my doctor until I gave in to pressure and withdrew it. A tranq-stained will is a wavery thing.

Meanwhile, I had a chance to observe group therapy. I remember a battered housewife who was pumped for the real reason why she was depressed. Her doctor was giving her sodium pentathol treatments to get to the bottom of it, until she was transferred to a real medical hospital for surgery to treat the internal damage she had sustained.

Another woman, also brought in by her husband, told me she was in for her "weird behavior" -- like riding a bicycle everywhere -- which he was embarassed by. First she was held in a public hospital, allowed only a scant hospital gown in which to sit on a freezing floor -- there were no beds available. She (a fervent Catholic) kept telling the orderlies who periodically shot her up with all manner of brain debilitating drugs that "that which you do unto me, you do unto Christ." That is, afterall, a christian doctrine. It's also the wrong thing to say to folks looking for signs of delusion in your behavior. But even if you say the right things it can be hard to avoid the needle. One man kept protesting that he was allergic to thorazine. The nurses said "sure buddy" and then "oops" when they saw his chart. He was covered with a rash when I met him.

And then there was the man who really did act like a "schizophrenic" who'd been in for years. He'd murmur harmlessly at you that his lineage traced back to Hitler, smoke endless cigarettes and stare alot. The only time he really seemed to concentrate and communicate was when the nurses handed him his guitar and he played Irish folk tunes. Later, during one of his better times, he decided he no longer wanted shock treatments, at which point all his "privileges" (cigarettes and guitar) were taken away. Again, and again I saw that you could refuse "treatment" but would then be locked in your room, denied books and told that this "set back in your condition" means that you will be kept longer or indefinitely. Certainly, we were never allowed access to any medical or drug information that would allow us to make informed consent to our "treatment."

For me, the most amazing thing was the capacity of the inmates to identify with their jailors. Many were angry at me for interrupting my "treatment" and "suffering a setback" in my "good progress" when I ran away. Also I had arguments with patients who swore that electro-convulsive therapy (ECT) wasn't anything like shock treatment. ECT is shock treatment. Other patients commented on how lucky we are not to be in the USSR where they give drugs to change the patients' personalities. Ironically, these patients were themselves on Thorazine or Haldol. I researched it later and found that Soviet poltical psychiatric prisoners are given chlorpromazine and phenothiazines, just like us, in comparable dosages.

And how about my own "therapy"? Well, my doctor, who was from Pakistan, and did not speak English very well, was very concerned about my politics. Did I know that Abbie Hoffman, like many 60's radicals, was a paranoid psychotic? Did I realize I must cooperate with "treatment" or I will end up in Willowbrook for the rest of my life? Clearly, I must work out my problems with my father or I will never have a sucessful marriage; why don't I trust my father's medical judgement to refer me for treatment?

When I finally replied, honestly, that I didn't trust my father much at all, as he'd been molesting my sister for years, I was told that we must get to the bottom of my delusion by hearing his side, which I couldn't go along with, not having my sister's permission to confront him. This is also why this article is pseudonymous.

When I was finally released after 3 months, which is twice the maximum recommended hospitalization for initiating lithium therapy, it was only after a friend paid an outside psychiatrist $100 to request my records and look into my case. I was released on the condition that I promise to go live with my family (non-legally binding, but I didn't know that).

I got off easy. I was on some brain injuring drugs for awhile, but I escaped electroshock, rape, assault, death, psychosurgery and the grosser forms of behavior modification therapy, all of which are continuously meted out in psych wards countrywide. I was never accused or convicted of a crime, so I probably could have gotten out through a court hearing, though I didn't know that. I was told I'd be held longer if I went to court.

On the positive side, I was disabused of any naive illusion that this society means me -- the truest, creative, laughing, rebellious and free me -- well. Again, I am lucky. They merely want to mutilate me while most species face extermination.

III.

The personal is political. Whatever your personal life has been, if you grew up in this culture, your enculturation has distanced you from reality, from your own nature, from the natural ecology to which you belong. I hope we can learn from the feminist movement, and begin to undo our domestication together, in informal consciousness raising. I hope too that we can learn from the mistakes of the feminist movement, and keep the meaning of The Personal Is Political descriptive rather than proscriptive. There is political content in our lives, but no one has the right to judge for another the politically correct rules for living.

Years after I left the mental hospital behind, a friend who was studying to be a social worker told me that they have a new category in counseling: "systems' abuse." Aren't we all victims of systems' abuse? Fuck counseling. Let's destroy the system

--Still Mad

Some interesting reading:

Dendron, newsletter of the CLearinghouse on Human Rights & Psychiatry. edited by David Oaks, (of the Cathedral Forest Action Group), subscription is $20 a year. Write to Dendron News, Box 11284, Eugene Oregon 97440. This is a wonderful one-of-a-kind watchdog of the reality SS. David has great politics and needs both subscriptions and submissions.

Against Therapy by Jeffrey Masson, Atheneum, NY, 1988. Ex-shrink exposing the abuses of the misery merchants. Well-argued.

Mass Murderers in White Coats by Lenny Lapon, Psychiatric Genocide Research Institute, POB 80071, Springfield MA 01138-0071, publ. in 1986. Guess what? Alot of our psychiatric technology, like our CIA torture technology, is imported from Nazi Germany. A classic by an ex-inmate.

Sinister Wisdom #36: Surviving Psychiatric Assault & Creating Emotional Well-being in our Communities, available for $6.50 at POB 3252, Berkeley, CA 94703. Wimmin expose the-rapists. Breathtaking.

Madness and Civilization by Michel Foucault, NY: Random House, 1965.

For Your Own Good by Alice Miller, NY: Farrar Straus, Giroux, 1983.

Another Mothertongue by Judy Grahn, Beacon Press.

PEOPLE'S ANGER: the energy resource of the future
FEEL IT, DEAL WITH IT, DIRECT IT!



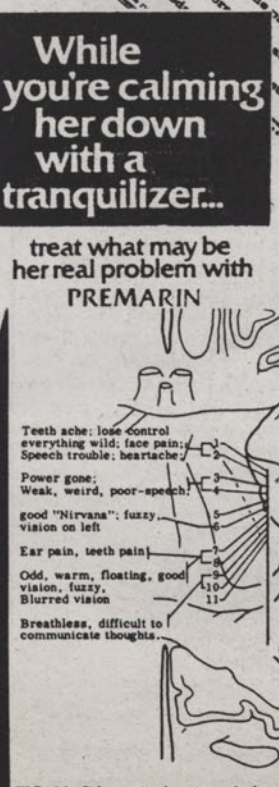
WARNING!
MENTAL PATIENTS ARE NOTORIOUS
DRUG EVADERS

Many mental patients "cheek" or hide their tablets and then dispose of them. Unless this practice is stopped, they deprive themselves of opportunities for improvement or remission . . . deceive their doctors into thinking that their drugs have failed . . . and impose a needless drain on their hospital's finances.

When drug evaders jeopardize the effectiveness of your treatment program,

SPECIFY LIQUID CONCENTRATE
THORAZINE® STELAZINE® COMPAZINE®

Liquid Concentrate is the practical dosage form for any patient who resists the usual forms of oral medication. It can easily be mixed with other liquids or semisolid foods.



While you're calming her down with a tranquilizer...

treat what may be her real problem with PREMARIN

Teeth ache; lose control everything wild; face pain; Speech trouble; heartache
Power gone; Weak, weird, poor-speech
good "Nirvana"; fuzzy vision on left
Ear pain, teeth pain
Odd, warm, floating, good vision, fuzzy, Blurred vision
Breathless, difficult to communicate thoughts.

Pleasant, hopeful; relaxed; pleasure like demerol; Confident; complete opposite of seizure; creative; Elated; unreality; floating; decoupled; warm; peaceful; Calm; natural, completion; satisfaction; deep thought; Like going some new place with confidence for future.
Odd; not pleasant; funny sensation in head.
Unpleasant; radio waves in chest
Feeling of "looking on" scene; mental diplopia
Lazy, odd, shadow effect
Blurring of vision

FIG. 16. Schematic drawing of electrode positions and responses to electrical stimuli in patient Thomas, showing left temporal lobe with two strands of inlying electrodes. Strand with electrodes 1-11 is toward midline of head; strand 13-22 is 4 mm. lateral. Electrodes 1 and 13 are anterior (toward the nose) and 11 and 22 are toward the back of the head. Patient's subjective verbal responses were produced by passing a weak stimulating current through the electrode points into adjacent brain tissue.

MYTH No. 8

FALSE

"Anyone who has had shock treatment must *really* be in a bad way."

FACT

Shock treatment (electroshock or electroconvulsive therapy) is an effective way of dealing with certain cases of serious depression that are resistant to drugs and "talk" therapy. Some patients make dramatic recovery following shock treatment and remain well for years. There is no reason to assume that someone who receives this kind of therapy must be sicker than other patients, or to view such persons with added suspicion once they have recovered.

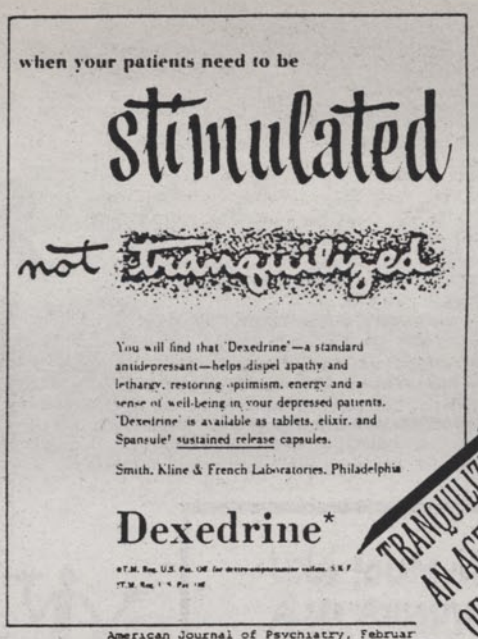
Can taking psychiatric drugs such as Thorazine cause brain damage?

Yes. One of the most widely used families of psychiatric drugs can injure the brain in several different ways. Taking any of these drugs, which are called "neuroleptics," can at times result in permanent disabilities such as muscle twitching or loss of higher-level mental abilities. Research has especially focused on a brain injury from neuroleptics known as "TD," which has become a health crisis of epidemic proportions.

What is TD?

TD is a type of brain damage characterized by bizarre and sometimes disabling involuntary movements of the mouth, face, limbs, and trunk. TD can involve only one part of the body, or several areas at once. TD is an abbreviation for the syndrome: "tardive dyskinesia."

What are my chances of getting TD?



when your patients need to be

stimulated

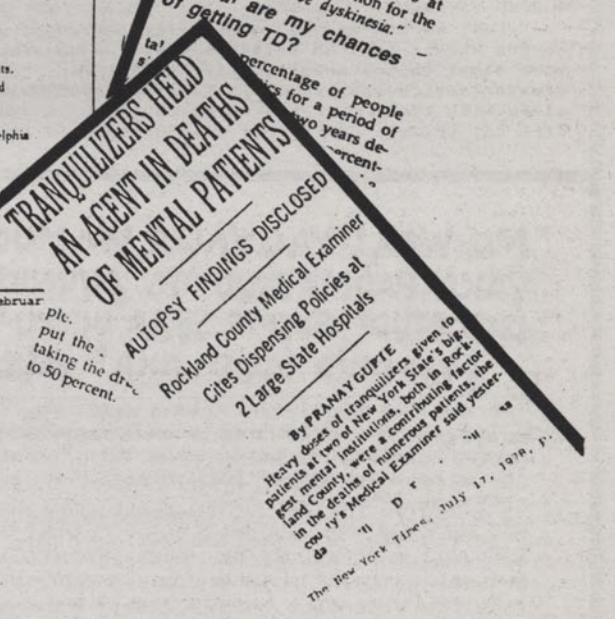
not traumatized.

You will find that 'Dexedrine'—a standard antidepressant—helps dispel apathy and lethargy, restoring optimism, energy and a sense of well-being in your depressed patients. 'Dexedrine' is available as tablets, elixir, and Spansule® sustained release capsules.

Smith, Kline & French Laboratories, Philadelphia

Dexedrine*

American Journal of Psychiatry, Februar



TRANQUILIZERS HELD AN AGENT IN DEATHS OF MENTAL PATIENTS

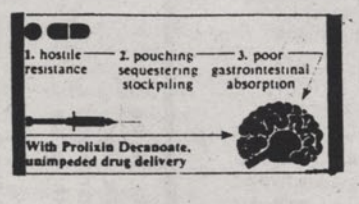
AUTOPSY FINDINGS DISCLOSED

Rockland County Medical Examiner Cites Dispensing Policies at 2 Large State Hospitals

By PRANAY GUPTE

Heavy doses of tranquilizers given to patients at two of New York State's biggest mental institutions, both in Rockland County, were a contributing factor in the deaths of numerous patients, the county's Medical Examiner said yester-

The New York Times, July 17, 1978, P.





George Frederick Handel (1685-1759), known for his swings from depression to mania, composed his majestic *Messiah* oratorio in only six weeks. If he were living today, lithium would probably control his symptoms.

Now available from Dome:

To help you bring modern therapy to a classic syndrome...

Lithane 300 mg Tablets
(lithium carbonate)

A basic element provides control of the manic phase of manic-depressive psychosis in responsive patients.

Dome Division MILES

Dome Division Miles Laboratories Inc
New Haven Connecticut 06516

GRIZZLY GOSSIP

By Constance Chatterly and O. Wilde



Well goodness gracious, we just couldn't help but notice the untold (and heaven knows we certainly hate anything untold) energy wasted at the Round River Rendezvous this June. Why, people spent positively HOURS fussing and jousting about such useless topics as politics and strategy. Still, amidst the mayhem, some of us remembered what we were really there for. Dirt. It certainly was good to catch up on everyone, but once a year is hardly enough. By now the Jemez chatter is old hat and so we don't need to rehash the shocking little scene of loose hips circling the entire sheriff's department, or what happened to Michael Robinson under the waterfall. We will, however, let you in on a few juicy tidbits which have wandered down the pike since then...

***Foremost in everyone's mind, of course, is the latest frightening update in the case of the Arizona Four. Alas! An unnamed source, identified only as "Deep Trough" has slipped word to us,in an exclusive to Grizzly Gossip, that the key evidence the feds are keeping under wraps in the case against the Arizona Four was scurrilously absconded with from Peg's home. FBI agents apparently found hundreds of "Do not remove under penalty of law" tags from pillows and mattresses from Kmarts all across the Southwest. (Kmart is a subsidiary of DuPont-Maxxam, see Tom Skeele's upcoming exposé). The FBI also have photos of Dave Foreman passing out scissors to munchkins. It doesn't look good.

***As we hear it, Dave "the personal is now political" Foreman has gone over the edge and is advocating a revolutionary alliance with the Black Panthers, AIM & medieval witches. He is also calling for the abolition of the prison system. Because this stance is obviously damaging to the radical ecological image, Foreman is being kept heavily sedated under the care of Roger "Big Daddy" Featherstone and Nancy "Grants" Morton.

***As we go to press, Nancy, last year's recipient of the LWOD Foundation's "Manly Man of the Year" award, has not yet sent in the proof that Mikal Jakubal is an FBI agent, for which we know you have been waiting as anxiously as we have. We'll keep you posted...

***Incidentally, there is absolutely no truth to the rumor that Mikal is trying to stay out of the limelight. Equally unfounded is the gossip that Mitch "Flagburner" Friedman is leaving EF! for something more legitimate. The things people say!!

***The talk in this neck of the woods is that upon returning from a 10-day outing, veteran tree-climber Kurt "Hang 'em High" Newman was surprised one sprightly summer morning, just after the RRR, to find veteran phone-answerer Bill "Simple in Mind, Rich in Rhetoric" Devall out in the front yard. Even more confusing to the unsuspecting Kurt, who missed initiation by the fun-loving flagsters of the Jemez, was the unique spectacle of the Professor hanging a flag on his (Kurt's) house. Kurt was heard to remark "huh? What the...?" as he took the flag down. Bill was unavailable for comment.

***Speaking of pouncing on the unsuspecting...The latest jump scores: Howie-3, Pumas-1, Elk-0. Lone Wolf: barely 16.

***Don't miss the sartorial splendor of "Dapper Darryl" Cherney's cameo modelling appearance in the "Spanish Harlem" section of the latest Smart magazine.

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENTS:

***Jake Jagoff, high priest of the San Juan family, is asking for positive energy to be sent to him during the upcoming Venus-Plutonic convergence, when he will select a site for the Crystal Moon Men's Circle for next year's RRR.

***Mike Roselle and Greg King are soliciting donations for the Direct Frequent Flyer Fund. Look for a mailing soon.

***Our readers should be warned...The FBI, having witnessed the effective squelching of community spontaneity at the RRR, has dispatched squads of "men-with-guitars". Men-with-guitars are now seen at most rallies and campfires of all the resistance movements including CISPES, urban anarchists and Up with People.

***Grizzly Gossip would especially like to thank David "Little Pictures Have Big Ears" Cross for his wide knowledge and generosity, and for those interesting photos he sent us. Keep shooting.

THINGS WE CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER...

***Just exactly what WAS Sequoia doing during the RRR?...and was she doing it with Howie?...Roselle?...

***How many urban anarchists does it take to start a campfire?

***What would John Denver look like if he wore a black moustache, and why hasn't he ever been seen with Dana Lyons?

A FOND FAREWELL

You, we can assume, are guilty. Of what, we don't know. Yet. So you should tell us before we make up something worse. Or give us some other choice news to fill our columns. Remember, there is no greater sevice you can do for your friends than to help them come clean with their festering secrets. Tell us everything. Send the dirt to: Grizzly Gossip, in care of LWOD. Till we chat again...

LUST AND POLITICS
(together again)

Advice to the Politically Correct Lovelorn

by Andie Rogenous

Dear Andie,

Tell your readers to be wary of distractions which divert our efforts from saving the earth. While the belly dancing at this year's Round River Rendezvous may have been mildly entertaining to some, it took valuable time away from forging the movement.

Dancing and drums in the firelight do not help to construct a comprehensive theory to be in service to eschewing the dominant paradigm. I have yet to encounter a sufficient line of argumentation which can contextualize dancing, pointless movement... pointless movement of a woman's body... a woman's undulating body... the rythmic rocking of her breasts... the ripe fullness of her hips circling... rocking... with the drum, rocking... circling... the ancient erotica of fully blossomed human flesh carried by the drum... the fire... the forest... moving... rocking... circling... faster... moving... faster now... faster... oh yes... yes... ooohhh...

A hem. I hope my point is clear. Although I was originally tense and angry, I now feel such a release from having written you.

-Frustrated



Dear Dick for Brains,
Thanks for sharing.

Dear Andie,

As a man and as a feminist, I have a very hard time dealing with how competitive men are. I confronted a man the other day about something sexist he said and he just got defensive and accusing when I told him how wrong he was. Why couldn't he simply admit that he was wrong and I was right? It was obvious that my arguments were more logical, well-developed and articulate than his. Why couldn't he see that?

-Stumped

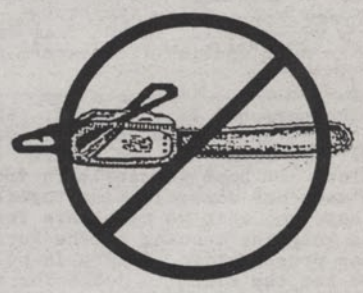
Dear Dick for Brains,
Life's a mystery.







Just Say *Huh-Uh*



Preservationists call for axing the chainsaw

At the first annual Bioglobal Healing Circle and Brew-Fest environmental leaders agreed to call for a ban on chainsaws in the nation's natural forests. "Chainsaws are unnatural," says Antsy Curr, of the Oregon Natural Forces Council. "Only natural forces should be allowed in the natural forests."

Although unified in their opposition, the environmental organizations failed to agree on what they would allow as a substitute for chainsaws. "Since some timber cutting is necessary," says Peter Hummingbird of the Bewilderedness Society, "The Bewilderedness Society supports the use of axes and handsaws."



Antsy Curr, however, disagreed. "Those pansies in the Bewilderedness Society are too willing to allow unnatural elements in the natural forests. The Oregon Natural Forces Council believes that only handmade tools, such as stone axes and knives, should be allowed."



Raven Forceman, of Earth Forced!, says "No compromise in defense of natural forces! Tree cutting should only be allowed using completely natural forces such as fingernails and teeth." Forceman agreed that "it's okay to entice a beaver to cut down a tree for you, provided you use natural methods to communicate with the beaver."

George Leotard, of the Force Service, said that the agency would study the question of chainsaws in the natural forests. "If necessary, we can write an environmental impact statement examining the alternatives to chainsaws and their cumulative environmental and social effects," said Leotard.



John Millserclosin, of the Unnatural Forces Products Association, was irate when he heard the proposal to ban chainsaws. "The natural forces are going too far," he said. "Next thing you know, they'll want to ban log trucks." UFPA has introduced it's own proposal to allow tactical nuclear weapons in order to reduce the time it takes to fell large old-growth trees.

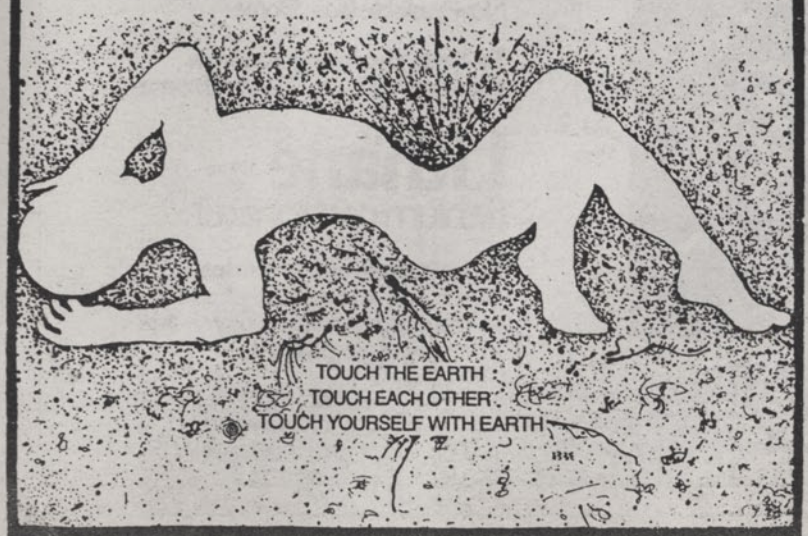




mudpeople: a pre-verbal pre-upright exploration. to be ravished by mud amidst high-rises. to crawl, huddle, hurl, and hobble nearly naked but for the skin of mother earth you bathed in. to fascinate onlookers. to recover something we once were.

"...MU-WAA! YAOYALIA WA MUD! AKU YAKA PADMA MUD OYA AVUNKA ILLA LILA MUD! SLYMA SASA WAKU-WAKU MMMUD MUD AHA! MUD!"...

THEY ARE HERE AGAIN...THEY ALWAYS WERE. MUD PEOPLE. LIVING OUT A POETRY FREE OF LANGUAGE, FREE OF COST. UNITED IN COMMON DESIRE. COMMON SOUL. COMMON SOIL. COMING FROM THE EARTH, REMEMBERING THEIR BIRTH. CELEBRATING THE GIFT WITHIN US ALL, FOR WE ARE THEY, AND THEY ARE WE – AND ALL IS MUD, IS THAT CLEAR? THEY ARE UNTOUCHED BY THE MODERN MADNESS OF SUCCESS AND SEPERATIONS, IN THEIR CLOSENESS TO THEIR NATURES THEY COULD SENSE A DANGER, AND IN THEIR RAW BEAUTY THEY STRUGGLED TO EXPRESS A SIMPLE WISH ...





Insurance

Three or more players lock themselves in a room. Each player is awarded one silver dollar and chooses a weapon from the table: knife, chainsaw, handgun, ice pick, etc. In turn, each player threatens his opponents with dismemberment, disfiguration, disability or death and promises to protect him or her from accidents and to provide for a lavish burial in the event that one of the other players loses control, all for the fee of one silver dollar. The player who collects the most silver dollars wins.

Native people buy B.C. - Cheap!

VANCOUVER -- The Association of BC Indians proudly announced that it recently bought the province of British Columbia from the Whites and is throwing the province open to Indian settlement. The ABCI bought B.C. from three winos found wandering in Vancouver. ABCI spokespeople said they decided the winos were the spokesmen for the Whites of BC. These winos promptly signed the treaty which was written in Haida, and sold BC for three bottles of wine, one bottle of gin and four cases of beer.

Jacob Joe, the new Commissioner of Caucasian Affairs, has announced the following policies: The Indians hereby give the Whites three large reservations of 10 acres located at horsefly, Cotton Wood Island near Prince George, Upper Telegraph Creek and the corner of Main and Powell in Vancouver. These reservations shall belong to the Whites "for as long as the sun shines or the grass grows (or until the Indians want them back)".

All land on the reservations, of course, will be held in trust for the Whites by the Department of Caucasian Affairs and any White who wants to use his land in any way must secure the permission of Commissioner Joe.

Of course, Whites will be allowed to sell or trade handicrafts at stands by the highway. Each White will be provided annually with one blanket, one pair of tennis shoes, a supply of Spam and a copy of the Life of Louis Riel.

If you are confident enough, you may be able to be a Department of Caucasian Affairs Reservation Superintendent. Applicants must have less than one year of education, must not speak English, must have an authoritarian personality, and proof of dishonesty. No White need apply.

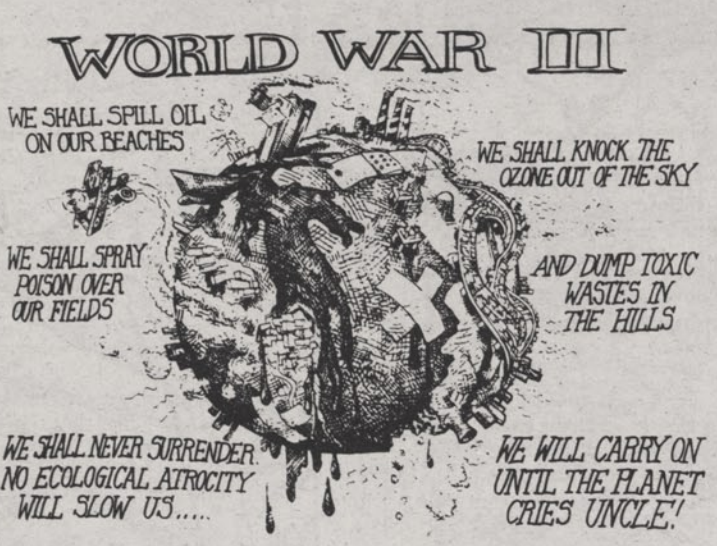
Commissioner Joe announced the founding of four boarding schools, to which White youngsters will be sent at the age of 6. "We want to take these kids far away from the backward culture of their parents", he said. The schools will be located at Port Alberni, New Denver, Kyuquot and Toad River.

All courses will be taught in Indian languages, and there will be demerits for anyone caught speaking English. All students arriving at the school will immediately be given an IQ test to determine their understanding of Indian languages and hunting skills.

Hospitals will be established for the reservations as follows: Whites at Horsefly may go to the Victoria Hospital; those at Cotton Wood Island may go to the Juneau, Alaska, Hospital; those at Upper Telegraph Creek may go to the hospital at Fernie; and those at Main and Powell may go to the Puce Coupe Hospital. Each hospital will have a staff of two part-time doctors and a part-time chiropractor who will all have passed first aid tests, and each hospital will be equipped with a scalpel, a jack-knife, a saw and a bottle of aspirin.

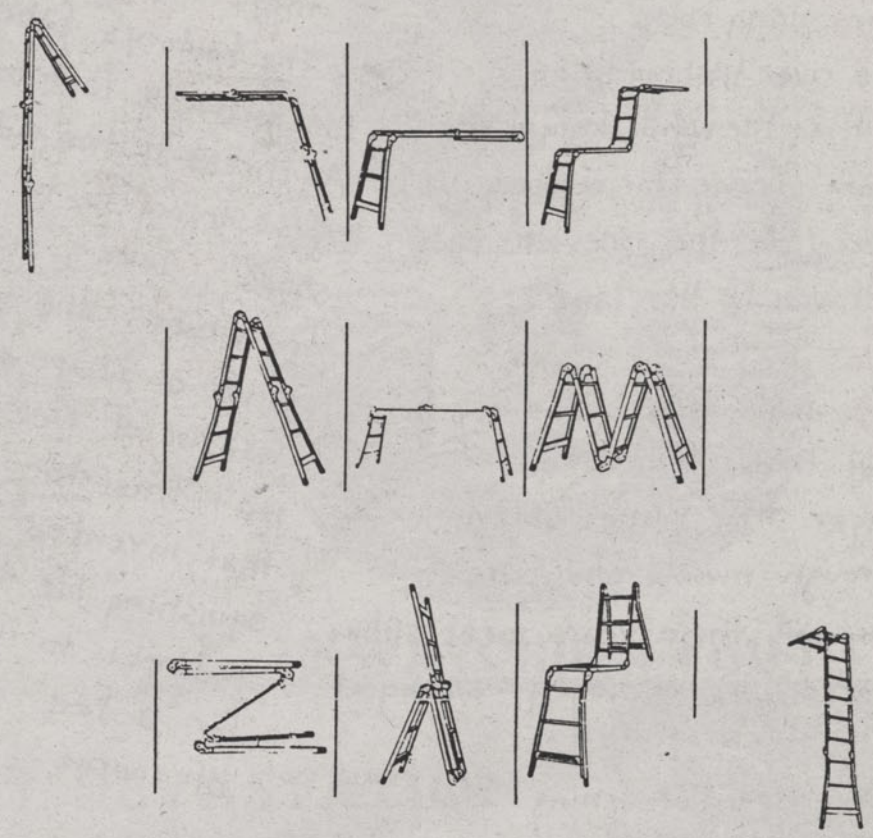
In honour, many city streets and products will be given traditional White names. Imagine your pride in eating at Custer's Last Stand.

Certain barbaric White customs will not be allowed. Whites will not be allowed to practice their heathen religions. Indian missionaries will see to that.





THE SEXUAL POSITIONS OF A LADDER



Sensing the Desires of Inanimate Objects

dadata

PO BOX 33 STILLWATER PA 17878

"LIGHTBULB" II

plantations for chemically dependant agri-business onto the ancestral lands of El Salvador. Complaining about the illegal aliens flooding into our country without examining the causes of poverty in Central America and the deadly results of US military intervention is inexcusable. If we don't address the causes and instead blame the victims, we are no different than the racist white South Africans.

While I too believe wilderness is the key to the survival of this planet, I also think that the reasons for the bulldozer up in Silver Creek or the oil rig up in the Badger-Two Medicine just might be closely linked to the lack of control we have over our own lives and our own communities. And much of this powerlessness is due to the relentless efforts of an elite, aggressive, and authoritarian government backed by a corrupt legal system. So we know who they are, just as the Salvadoran insurgent knows who his enemy is. Martin Luther King Jr. might have offered that if you have polarization below, you need to bring it up to the surface and see if it can stand the scrutiny of broad daylight. That dose not necessarily lead us directly into creating Ayatollahs and Hitlers as Foreman seems to be suggesting. It can also lead to a resolution.

Monkeywrenching is just a term for a form of resistance, it is not, as Foreman would have us believe, a codified way of life akin to chivalry. It can be done in many different ways, some of which are entirely legal. If all you do is knock off an occasional dozer and spike an occasional tree while the destruction of the planet continues unabated, can you really call that strategic while deriding a non violent protest as merely symbolic?

Crazy Horse could kill soldiers in battle but he couldn't stop them from coming back stronger. I believe he understood this, and he knew you don't always fight just to win. Sometimes you fight just because you think its the right thing to do. And other times you fight in order to survive. The Warsaw ghetto uprising, for example. Although you don't get to make the odds, the choice to fight and who to fight and how to fight is yours alone. No one can take that away from you.

I don't buy this collective conspiracy of the consumer theory that seems to say that we are all equally responsible for the destruction of the planet. There is a reason that you can't buy a daily newspaper made of recycled fiber or a quart of fresh carrot juice in a returnable jar. There is a conspiracy, but I doubt that consumers have had much to do with it. The same plastics plant that exploded last month in Louisiana killing hundreds of workers because of untrained, poorly paid and understaffed work crews is owned by the same group of poisoners that has bribed and swindled and coerced people across this country to prevent communities from passing recycling laws. They also drill of our coasts and invade our wilderness areas. They also corrupt our political process. We can't save the wilds without confronting them.

We may be, as Foreman says, a society of laws, and probably always have been. But the legitimacy of a law relies not in how it conforms to existing codes or documents, but how it conforms to your own moral values system. You have the right to disregard any law that comes in direct conflict with principles you hold as inviolable. You may indeed have a responsibility to make sound moral choices, but certainly no one can make them for you. I would not be so quick to condemn a shoplifter or a pot smoker for getting busted on the way to a protest or a legislative hearing so long they took full responsibility for their actions. To some, getting high can be a direct action against mind control.

Our strategy should be to try and build a movement of active people that can relate to the words Earth First! on a deep and personal level. I believe we must be organized and reach out to others who share our goals. Movements can be organized and still be decentralized; they can be spiritual and still be pragmatic. They can be dead serious and still be fun. Indeed they have to be all that and more if they want to be successful. I am wary of a tendency by some in our movement towards weeding out those elements that don't conform to rigid thinking.

See "Lightbulb" III

Fiercely, My Poem

Toes along rock
and river flashing below
sniffing the wind, keen of eye
I am fierce for my body back
fierce for the tone, the taut
I touch in the land.

It is anger that moves my arms
that throw the stones,
anger that rushes clean
through muscle and bone
after all those years spent sitting
trapped in motion prearranged.

Years spent learning
to dam desire, growing up
the patience to bind and wait
to slow the mind to a metered tick,
move the hand ever so slightly,
body held still to die.

Yes I am fierce for my body back
to sprout green from this scarred form, now
pulled away from the marketplace of things
shaved and painted to standard,
run from the long dead stretches
of petro-concrete, endless
monowalk down block after block,
burst from the wheeled prison
of sitting still to move
mechanical darts between minimarts,
left coughing from the grinding city
position one standing
position two sitting
position three layed down,
hands to move the money
eight hours in, eight hours out
eyes to watch the clock
five days on, two days off
Escaped with a body bought+sold
too long to still be mine,
educated and entertained mind
intertwined with a thousand taboos
and tatooed with poisons,
frozen, disjointed

And fiercely I want it back.
I climb down to the water
lay cheek to current
a threat to it all
slide belly along rock,
water and I swell
slipping to the deeper pool
yes my naked body a threat
To those long years made stiff
by the factory's fabric
the factory's fashion
A threat to the ridiculous effort
spent trying to be the right
shape, color, right actor
for whom? the god-damned
jailor of shape and color,
assasin of free movement, yeah
isn't this the society
that invented that Tee-Vee,
squishing life through wires to a box
indirect to you and me -
for a fee
of course

But I want it back, fiercly now

so a few crashes don't bother me,
no that shattering of image
is quite refreshing
like this water, like this rock
and I wouldn't mind
rubbing dirt into the whiteness
of science and fashion, I am
mud streaked, the unknown,
laughing to find the fierce
flash through my eyes
as I stalk barefoot
those spike-hard heels
those encased soles,



reeling I delight to spray
the sweat of my liberation
on the most sterile of places
most carefully made faces,
rain on a parched land.

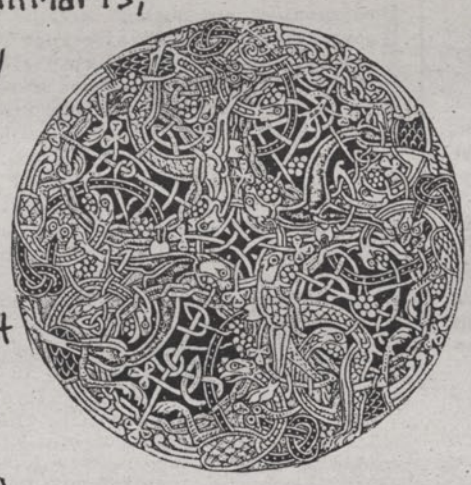
And my ferocity grows
a great ravenous desire
to touch lips along leaves,
down smooth curving backs,
climb up where holds are offered
high to windy lofts
and to dive changing waters,
to move, move in freedom

But sometimes, sister
my fierce burrows out of sight,
it hides, brother
behind eyes made dull;
sometimes, child
I am pulled back to stiffness
and I ask you, my friend
not to hesitate
to look deep
and call out that dormant

fierce to play.

Sandra

How did people ever arrive at the notion of freedom? It was a great thought.
—Lichtenberg







"The Lorax, by Doctor Seuss, criminalizes a very legitimate and needed industry, implies we lack concern, ignores that we are planting trees, that we give a damn about creeks and erosions, and that we are looking for sustained yield."

— Bill Bailey, Logging Supply Co. Owner
Laytonville, CA

LIVE Stupid & GO TO JAIL!!!

The following is excerpted from police academy notes on manipulating arrestees. If we read them "in reverse," perhaps we can better prepare for dealing with cops if and when we're arrested.

CONFESSIONS-WRITTEN STATEMENTS

On any case where your evidence is weak, or your individual connections to the violation are not strong, take a written statement. Many good cases have been lost because of: 1-No written statement, 2-Statement not taken right away. Put a single line through mistakes. Have suspect initial those; this proves he's read through, even if he refuses to sign.

QUESTIONING SUSPECTS

Treat suspect professionally (as a doctor) not over-friendly, but not too clinical. Be sure of yourself. State, "there has been considerable investigation in this case and it indicated you're not telling the truth." Avoid letting suspect indulge in repeated denials (reinforces him)-interrupt his denials. Direct your comments to "reasons why" rather than whether he did it. Don't let people draw power from titles, use first names. Point out some, but not all circumstancial evidence. Cut suspect off when he starts explaining the evidence.

Call attention to suspect's symptoms of guilt. A person who is led to believe that his appearance and demeanor are betraying him is much more vulnerable: 1-Pulsation of carteroid artery, 2-Excessive adams apple activity; 3-Looking at floor/ceiling instead of your eyes; 4-Swinging one leg over the other; 5-Foot wiggling; 6-Hand wringing; 7-Finger tapping; 8-Fingernail picking; 9-Fumbling with objects; 10-Dusting their clothes; 11-Scratching.

Remind him that he doesn't feel good inside. "Your mouth is dry, isn't it? Mouth full of cotton? That's because you're not telling the truth. The glands in your mouth that produce saliva are not functioning properly, they've just about quit. You can drink all the water your stomach can hold without getting any relief. There's only one remedy, tell the truth."

If suspect swears he's telling the truth, say "put your hand down, I'll know when you're telling the truth. The only reason you're swearing is that you know you're not telling the truth and you know I know it." The "Not that I remember" expressions - or "As far as I know" indicate half truths. Ask pertinent questions to get through the half truth.

Sympathize with the subject if possible, give him mental relief. Reduce guilt by minimizing the moral seriousness of the offense.



DON'T GET CAUGHT

Below are some precautions to bear in mind if you are going out on an action. It is by no means a definitive list, and precautions used obviously depend on the type of action being undertaken and the conditions at the time. It is simply a list of things which have been brought to our attention during our experiences. Don't let the extent of the list put you off--much of it is common sense, and for that there is no substitute.

1. Always wear gloves to avoid leaving incriminating fingerprints. Wipe clean ALL equipment to be used beforehand, even if you do not intend leaving it, as things can be dropped or forgotten in the heat of the moment (white spirit is best for removing fingerprints, simply rubbing will not thoroughly remove them.)

2. If equipment is easily replaceable (hammer, paint, box of matches, etc.), it may be better to leave it at the scene of the action (non-fingerprinted of course), rather than risk being stopped with it on the way home.

3. Dress to suit the occasion. Don't go out with a big @ sprayed on the back of your black jacket or a button that says "Eat the Rich!"

4.Try to avoid carrying equipment late at night. If possible, hide it near the target/s beforehand - and make sure it is somewhere where no-one will find it and wait for you to pick it up.

5.Avoid telling everyone in a three mile radius what you are going to do. (e.g. do NOT discuss the action in a bar. Loose talk costs lives!)

6. Think carefully about the time it is to be done. Bear in mind closing hours, security patrols, etc.

7. Be on the lookout for cameras (e.g. town centres, major roads, large premises, obvious targets). If you cross their gaze, dress in unidentifiable clothing (destroy them afterwards) and cover your face.

8. Always prepare an escape route and know it well. Alternatives are also a good idea, in case anything goes wrong. If you can, check that your escape route is clear beforehand.

9. Depending on the target, it may be advisable to do a dummy run (without equipment) to check that no-one has got wind of what you are going to do and is waiting to catch you red-handed. This dummy run can also help you to get familiar with the target and mentally prepared for the actual action, as well as allowing you to work out the best time, places to hide, escape routes, equipment dumps, etc.

10. Empty your pockets before going out: the less there is the less there is to drop. Avoid carrying ID.

11. It is well advisable to have a story ready in case you are stopped before or afterwards (e.g. visiting friends, coming back from the bar, etc.)

12. Wash or destroy any clothing which may hold valuable forensic evidence after the action (e.g. glass splinters in jacket, petrol stains on trousers, shoe print in soil, etc.)

13. Think carefully about disguising yourself beforehand: it will help you to stand out less and avoid the chance of recognition. Wigs, glasses, beards and moustaches can drastically alter one's facial appearance (make sure that any obvious scars/tattoos are well covered up (eg with makeup)) and wear different clothes than you normally do.

14. It pays to be prepared for any bad weather or electical blackouts. Such chance happenings can easily be used to your own benefit. Fog is ideal, rain can muffle sound, diminish visibility, decrease surveillance and give you an excuse if caught running ("I didn't want to get drenched, honest, officer.")

15. DOn't be predictable - always be imaginative -- try to think what they think you will do and then do the opposite.

16. Make sure your house is clean before you go out (and at all times). Don't keep souvenirs (i.e. negatives of photos, originals of communiques, anything from the site or any easily traceable tools).

17. If you are going to do a press release, make sure that you disguise your voice over the phone, use a phone well away from where you live and don't stay on it too long. If yousend in a letter, make sure it is completely untraceable to you (fingerprints, writing--each persons' writing is individual and can be traced, and so can typewriters), postmark, etc.)

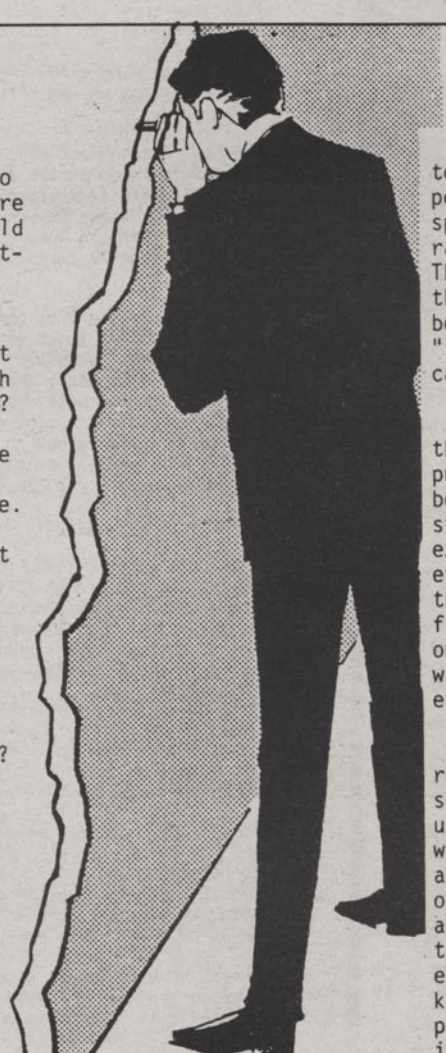
18. Be very careful about who you tell what you have done -- it is best to tell no-one. If you do tell anyone, be careful about where you tell them: the police have been know to bug whole houses as well as phones.

ALthough this might seem to be a mighty long list, never forget that YOUR PERSONAL FREEDOM IS AT STAKE. But remember that the vast majority of direct action is successful and no-one gets caught . . . yet thoroughly prepare beforehand and be very careful.

Good luck and don't get caught!

--from Snarl, a pamphlet available from Leeds ALF, Box 8, 59 Cookridge St., Leeds,UK.

BE CONFIDENT



Too often it is all too easy to get sucked into something that you are not really prepared for. The ugly old head of peer group pressure raises itself again. Your friends are going out on actions, so you feel that you have got to go out as well. You know how it is done and you know that people have done it and got away with it - but are you really ready for it?

It is up to YOU and no-one else to decide if you are prepared and if you can cope with a few months inside. It probably won't be your friends who push you deliberately into direct action without you being fully prepared (and if they did, then they shouldn't be your friends). It will probably be your own feelings that are encouraged by the successful and inspiring example of others. But are you really ready for it? Can you take the consequences of your action?

Being fully prepared is tactically as well as personally good sense. If you are feeling nervous (but don't forget that everyone feels nervous before an action) and unconfident, then that will increase the chance of making a mistake . . . and mistakes get you caught. You have got to be fully confident of what youare doing before you go out and start to really hurt this stinking system.

It is wise, when you are starting, to go with (if you know any) experienced people and to start gradually. The odd spot of superglue here, the hammer there, rather than blazing buildings everywhere. The best way to build up confidence is through successful actions, but don't become too foolhardy and begin to think "I can get away with anything" you can, but only if you are careful.

Some people are acting purely for the struggle, other people are acting purely for their own ego - in many ways both of these approaches are wrong. The struggle is not some object that can be externalized, divorced from our own everyday lives; we are the struggle and the struggle is us. Our own emancipation from the chains of capitalism must be our own act and we cannot, with the wave of a magical wand, emancipate everyone else.

But resisting for purely egotistical reasons is foolish for it ignores the social reality that constantly surrounds us. There is certainly nothing wrong with feeling personal satisfaction at a successful action, but if that sense of satisfaction is the sole aim of the action, the you are condemning yourself to an island on your own, isolated from everyone else. So, as you go out, know why you are doing it, be fully prepared and be confident and remember that it will work, and you won't get caught.

Since only one out of three Viet Cong had a weapon, they were forced to improvise endlessly. The most important factor in their deployment of troops and weapons was their understanding of the enemy.

Why Monkeywrench?



That's Why.

Champion International Clearcut, West Flank of the Cabinet Mountain Wilderness

We used to sneak out onto the golf courses of the local country clubs and burn huge slogans into the putting greens with gasoline, like STOP THE WAR MACHINE and NIX ON NIXON.

Phone Caller Destroys a House

Hoax at San Jose Job Office

The vacant $80,000 house in east San Jose went down in one day, a job well done by the 75-man demolition crew recruited by the state unemployment agency.

Only one problem: Owner Mark Campbell didn't want his house demolished.

San Jose police said yesterday the whole thing was a hoax, a case of grand theft and destruction of property. The unpaid, angry workers who were promised $5 an hour call it a ripoff.

A man who said he was Gil Candell of Candell Construction Co. in San Leandro called the state Employment Development Department on Thursday to recruit the wreckers. He said it was a hurry-up job.

"In this economy, we'll take orders for any work that's honest and legal," said agency spokeswoman Gerra Curry. "It's difficult for us to verify every job. Our budget has been cut. We have fewer resources to find jobs for a larger clientele."

The crew was hired and the house at 3241 Percivale Drive was reduced to rubble when owner Campbell came by Tuesday.

"It was a great prank," said Mark Mazer, attorney for Campbell, who remains unamused. He filed a criminal complaint against the mystery home wrecker, whoever he may be. There is no one named Candell in San Leandro.

Mazer said the men reported to work Monday morning and found a work order tacked to the unoccupied house. A foreman, Robert Robinson, was there to direct the demolition.

Robinson says he was hired over the weekend, by telephone, by a man who identified himself as Candell.

"We didn't know we were tearing down somebody's house we weren't supposed to," he said.

Robinson said "Candell" apparently got his phone number from the employment department and called him twice, asking the men to bring their own tools. He said there would be a dumpster at the site to dispose of the debris and he'd see them Monday.

"There are too many ripoffs," an angry Robinson said. "These people needed work. They got families."

When Campbell showed up at his property Tuesday, the men learned they would not be paid and Campbell found he was without the home he purchased as an investment in a limited partnership six months ago.



Neighbor children played on wreckage of the $80,000 unoccupied house in east San Jose

By Susan Gilbert

Police are uncertain which way to turn in the case.

"We couldn't get any information from the Employment Development Department," said Officer Paul Schmidt, who took Campbell's complaint alleging destruction of property and grand theft. "They would not give Mr. Campbell's attorney any information either."

"It seems too easy to be able to do this," Mazer said. "All the guy did was call up and say I need 75 people to demolish a house. It's beyond incredible."

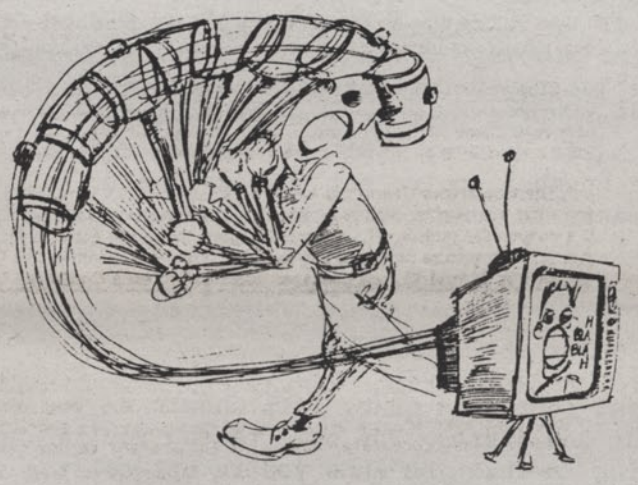
Keeping the 'Wild' in Wilderness

U.S. Department of Agriculture
Forest Service

What is Wilderness?

Your first question might be: "What exactly is wilderness?" People view wilderness in their own, personal way:

- Prospecting for minerals and location of mining claims is permitted through December 31, 1983, under The Wilderness Act. Mining operations on proven or patented claims are permitted indefinitely.



SMASHING TELEVISION

by Steve Masover

A group of us in Berkeley, California who resent and resist the anesthetizing effects of television have staged annual "TV Smashing" events over the past three years. Inspired by our collective experience and observation, by the Ant Farm's "Media Burn" in 1975, and by the well developed anti-TV arguments of Jerry Mander in his book Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television, we've hauled a couple of dozen discarded TV sets to Sproul Plaza on the University of California campus in Berkeley once each year, and provided the opportunity and equipment for folks to reduce the instruments of corporate culture and control to rubble.

Before outlining a few logistical details, I'll go into some of the reasons why we think that smashing TV's is a good thing to do.

The most amazing and mind-boggling fact that I found out about Television is the amount of TV that's "consumed" in the United States every day. According to the 1986 Nielsen statistics in our local library, there are 86 million TV sets in the US, and those sets are turned on for an average of seven hours and ten minutes every day.

Now if you figure that there's an average of one person watching each of those sets at all times (some will play to empty rooms, others to a whole family of slack-jawed, blue-faced Citizens), that means 610,600,000 (that's more than six hundred million!) hours of TV get watched in a single day. That's kind of an abstractly high number, so if you figure it out in terms of years, we're talking 69,699 man- woman- and child-years of television that are watched each day, in the United States alone.

Seventy thousand years, every day, down the tube.

Think how much could be done to, say, keep loggers from destroying old-growth forests all over the world if there were seventy thousand people doing a year's worth of spiking -- all in one day. A world-wide week of action would be nearly half a million years' worth of work! The mind reels.....

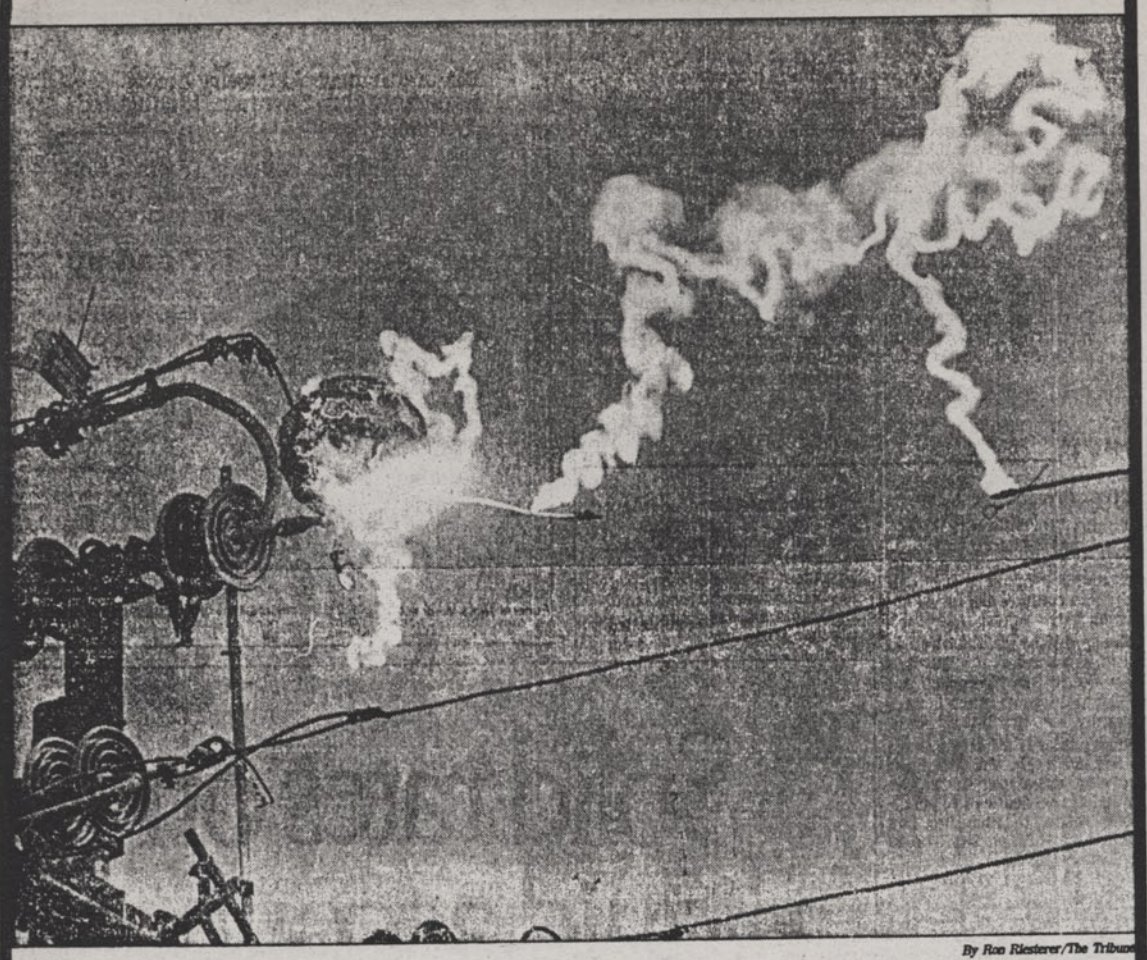
Alas, those six hundred million hours per day aren't spent doing much of anything to help the planet... Instead of encouraging them to live in the real world, TV is used to teach people to be satisfied with fuzzy pictures of very boring sorts of fantasy lives.

So just what can you watch on TV here in the Land of Wealth and Opportunity? Well, basically anything that the heads of corporate and industrial culture determine will promote (or at least not interfere with) your appetite for the products they sell and/or the world-view they think you ought to have. Here's my capsule description:

Shows in which sex is a commodity traded for laughs, money or power; or ads in which some kind of sanitized cartoon sexuality is associated with a product to make it more appealin'(?); but rarely anything in which sex is portrayed as an expression of love or caring.

ZAP! POW! CRACK!

MYLAR MAYHEM



By Ron Riesterer/The Tribune

PG&E demonstrates what happens when a metallic balloon hits a power line, emphasizing that they are not proper Mother's Day gifts.

Festive balloons have powerful impact on electric lines

By Jacqueline Ginley
Special to The Tribune

SEEMINGLY HARMLESS helium balloons carrying messages of love and congratulations have caused power failures that have affected 110,000 customers in Central and Northern California at a cost of $89,000 for Pacific Gas & Electric Co. since January.

The balloons, sold in most grocery and convenience stores, are coated with Mylar, a metallic compound that conducts electricity and causes a power line to short circuit if it comes in contact with one of the helium-filled balloons.

When the balloons come in contact with live wires, a surge of power is sent through the line which can damage power transformers and cause the wires to break. As the balloons have become more popular, company representative Harry Arnott said at a PG&E demonstration held yesterday to point up the situation, the problem has worsened.

Last year the balloons caused 98 power failures in Central and Northern California. In the first four months of this year, 62 power failures were blamed on the balloons. Although power is generally restored within one or two hours, equipment such as home appliances, computers, VCRs and microwaves can be damaged and sometimes ruined.

With Mother's Day coming up Sunday, officials at PG&E have launched a campaign to alert the public of the danger involved in releasing metallic balloons near power lines. "We like festivities, but we don't want to see our customers hurt or put in a potentially dangerous situation," said Diablo Division Manager James Eaneman.

Though no fatalities have been connected with the balloons so far, Eaneman said fallen wires in past years have hurt and even killed people. Eaneman advises people never to touch or pull on anything caught in electrical wires. He says don't touch wires lying on the ground and if a wire should fall on a vehicle, don't try to get out until help arrives.

The California Public Utility Commission plans to study the metallic balloon problem. Meanwhile, some companies are attaching weights to the balloons to keep them from flying away. Wires connected to homes are enclosed in a special casing that prevents them from coming in contact with metals. According to Public Affairs Manager Lorcy Burns, the suspended wires are not encased because it would be too costly and would make repair work prohibitively expensive.

Just Wondering

What Are The Moral Consequences of:

- allowing ecocidal corporations to live in posh glass lobbies without fear?
- NOT spiking the last remaining old growth?
- forgetting to pull up surveying stakes along the borders of your town?
- NOT shooting out the power lines leading to your local nuke plant as petro supplies dwindle and nukes become "necessary"?
- letting the jingle "you deserve a brick today" slip your mind?
- letting your hotheaded friends take all the risks, while you smile and say "right on."?
- not bothering to fight back?

THIS INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE SPONSORED BY: Citizens Opposed to Irresponsible Inaction; Outside Agitators Against Nonviolent Nonthought; Gandhians Who Think Satyagraha Meant Liberating the Means of Production And Kicking the Foreign Industrialists Out and Anonymous and Proud

TIMBER ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA
1311 I STREET, SUITE 100, SACRAMENTO, CA 95814 • (916) 444-6592

S.F. judges flooded, forced to flee

Raw sewage flows into courtrooms at Hall of Justice

EXAMINER STAFF REPORT

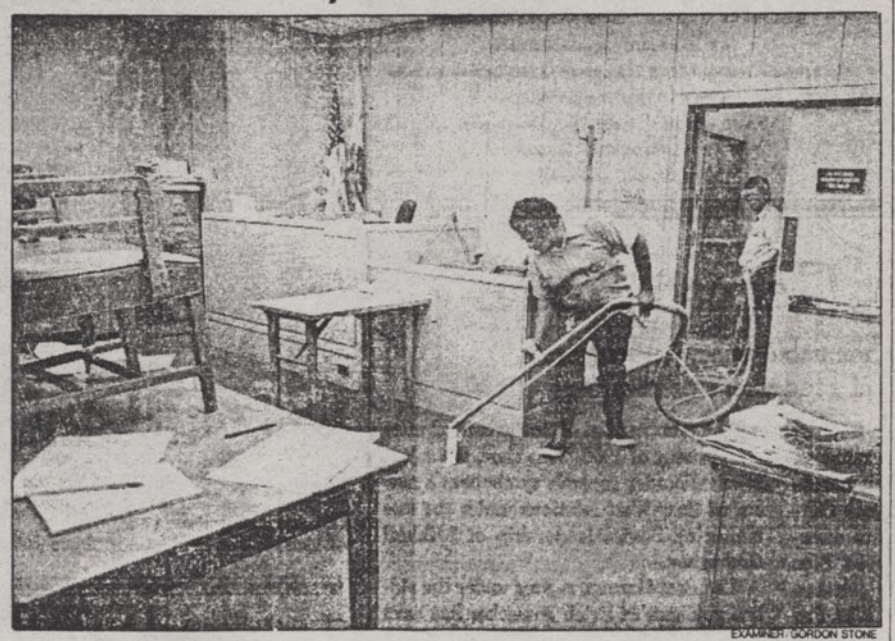
Raw sewage brought The City's criminal justice system to a standstill Monday morning.

A towel flushed down a toilet Sunday caused water and debris from seven floors of sewer drains at the Hall of Justice to collect ankle deep in judges' chambers and the courtrooms.

Custodial workers cleaned up the mess for 16 hours but wet carpets kept departments 10, 11 and 12 closed Monday morning and Municipal Judge Lee Baxter was forced to move from his chambers for the whole day.

An engineer thinks the towel was flushed by an inmate incarcerated on the seventh floor. How does he know?

"The sixth floor City Prison has blue towels. The seventh floor has orange. This was orange."



EXAMINER: GORDON STONE

Workers vacuum *water from carpets in the Hall of Justice's flooded first floor courtrooms.*

Problem: Preservationists are using emotional pictures of fallen trees and animals to convey their message against the Hatfield-Adams Amendment and to support the Fowler amendment to kill $65 million in multiple-use road funding so vital to natural resource dependant communities.

Solution: Multiple-users have started "Operation Family Picture" to help the Conference Committee fully appreciate the damage to families and communities that will be caused if Hatfield-Adams is defeated or the Fowler Amendment succeeds. Multiple-users should send family pictures to every member of the Conference Committee addressed like a post card with a short message pointing out how their family will be damaged.

Dear Multiple-Use Advocate:

Now is your chance to strike back. Preservationists are passing out pictures in Washington with touching messages about damage to trees and animals. You would never guess that humans, families and communities in natural resource dependant areas stand to lose their homes, jobs, and everything they own.

All multiple-users are requested to send a real picture of their family, home, dog, kids, or any other real family oriented picture to every Committee Member.

Simply make them into a post card on the back. Be sure to include your name and address and handwrite them. These must not look mass produced. Don't have real post cards made. There isn't time. Take pictures, for which you have negatives, and write a short note on the back to each Senator and Congressman.

The Conference Committee has been slower than we thought so you have time, but you must act quickly. Ask your friends and neighbors to send pictures too. Make it a community project. If you want to speed things up, get 5 to 10 people to give you a family picture post card for each Member of the Conference Committee. Put them together in Federal Express packages addressed to each Conferee. You can share the cost

Shows in which racial and cultural minorities (African Americans, Latinos, Asians, Native Americans, Arabs, Jews, homosexuals, et al.) are portrayed in demeaning stereotypes and/or as embracing white middle-class corporate/industrial culture and values (also demeaning!)

Shows in which people are violently injured or killed, often in graphic detail; but in which the victims are either "bad", which makes it ok, or their assailant is "bad", then gets caught and punished by the State ("good guys"), so it's made ok in the end that way.

Shows in which aggressive militarism is portrayed as the foundation of freedom, and freedom as the opportunity to choose between Diet Coke and Diet Pepsi.

News reports that vie with each other for the most gruesome footage of the war-of-the-week, famine-of-the-year, or murder-of-the-month, but which never expose the conspiracies of power, money and alienation that are the true sponsors of those films at eleven, time after time.

See "Simply"



RED BACKED VOLE CS

VICTORY IN TIERRA AMARILLA!

A battle in the war for Mexicano independence and against cultural genocide was won in late August 1989, when Vista Del Brazos' realtors backed down on their claim of owning land which is part of the Tierra Amarilla communal land grant.

In April 1988, Vista Del Brazos had Amador Flores sent to jail for two months, claiming that the land he was using for hunting and gathering wood belonged to them. The land in dispute was, in fact, part of the Tierra Amarilla Land Grant, land owned collectively by the indigenous Mexicano people, and protected by the Mexican government, before that country's northern half was stolen by the U.S. in 1848. After conquering Mexico, the U.S. government agreed to recognize these grants, but instead has continued to steal land from the Mexicanos of the southwestern U.S.

When Amador Flores was jailed, many of his supporters occupied the land, determined to protect their community from destruction by white capitalist developers. They built bunkers, dug trenches, and patrolled the parameters of the new camp with armed guards.

In the past 16 months the camp has served as the center of resistance for the Tierra Amarilla community and has been the site of many cultural events, political rallies, conferences, and a Mexican Indepencence Day celebration at which community members celebrated their recent victory in the land struggle.

On August 28, Vista Del Brazos awarded Amador Flores $117,000 and conceded 200 acres to El Consejo de la Tierra Amarilla, who will ensure that the land is used communally.

The success of this revolutionary armed action has bolstered the spirits of the community and given it fuel to carry on the struggle. There are plans to build a Mexicano cultural center on the land, and to continue the fight to reclaim all 600,000 acres of the Tierra Amarilla Land Grant.

"We (once again) showed the rich people we know how to fight!"

-Amador Flores, Aug. 1989

For more information, contact: BA-RA (Bay Area Anti-

Getting around on National Forest Roads



PILEATED WOODPECKER CS

Roads not suitable for automobile travel can be identified by one or more of the following:

- Drainage ditch across the road entrance.
- Improvements for grazing are permissible when needed to protect wilderness resources. (Livestock grazing is permitted where such use was established before the wilderness was designated.)
- Obvious obstructions in the roadway such as crossditches, scattered rocks, limbs, or ruts.

Killer Weed .

Bend, Ore.

Police concluded that 35 cattle found dead in south-central Oregon were probably the victims of noxious weeds and coyotes rather than a strange mutilation cult, it was announced yesterday.

United Press International

Poisonous Plant Problems



Figure 12.5 Heavy grazing forces animals to use plants otherwise avoided and increases death losses. Annual death losses on ranches in the western United States from poison plants average 2 to 5%.

PLANTS THAT COWS DON'T LIKE

There are several groups of toxic agents in plants. They are alkaloids (the most powerful!), glycosides (not always toxic, but helped by freezing, wilting, or crushing, or lots of water nearby), nitrates, and photosensitization.

- ALKALOIDS: western false hellebore (Veratum californicum), lupines (Lupinus spp.), locoweeds (Astragalus spp.), larkspurs (Delphinium spp.), water hemlock (Cicuta spp.), poison hemlock (Conium spp.), tansy ragwort (Senecio jacobaea), threadleaf and Riddell's groundsels (S. longilobus and S. riddellii), sneezeweed (Helenium hoopesii), bitterweed (Hymenoxys odorata), pingue (Hymenoxys richardsonii), broomweed (Gutierrezia microcephnala), nightshades (Solanum spp.), and ergot (Claviceps spp.).
- GLYCOSIDES: johnsongrass (Sorghum halepense), mountain mahogany (Cercocarpus spp.), chokecherry (Prunus virginiana), and arrowgrass (Triglochin maritima).
- NITRATES: pigweeds (Amaranthus spp.), Russian-thistle (Salsola kali), and lambsquarter (Chenopodium album).
- OXALATES: halogeton (Halogeton glomeratus), and greaseweed (Sarcabatus vermiculatus).
- PHOTOSENSITIZATION: buckwheat (Polygonum fagopyrum), St. Johnswort (Hypericum perforatum), sacahuista (Nolina microcarpa), lechuguilla (Agave lecheguilla), goathead (Tribulus terrestris), and horsebrushes (Tetradymia glabrata and T. canascens) in conjunction with black sagebrush (Artemesia nova) can give sheep a real hard time.
- The effects of these plants can be most damaging on overgrazed rangelands, where the animals don't have the ability to be selective.

Alternative Living

Well a couple of us were hoping to get together and send in all our ideas about living free and cheaply on the land and all that, we're whatz called alternative livers. So here's a few ideas for livng wild or dying... maybe inspire everybody that yes, there's other, cheaper, funner ways to live than the old grind, Might be that someone who's had experiences with treehouses can write up how to do that, also living in tents, somebody else can tell what it's like living in a crate. This is a good place to throw in this caution: experienced alternative livers will tell you to stay away from dumpsters as homes, a man was squished that way awhile back according to the papers, So here goes this stuff that I had experience with: caves and wicky-ups (I can tell about living in a Mustang Mach 1 too but will save that for another time.)

How Did Caves Get Here?

A cave is the most perfect thing a body could ask for; here's a little history of them. Lots of caves were made back in the Pleistoscene era. Some small dinosaurs lived in caves and bears have always enjoyed them, too. They were big hits with Stone Age peoples - one can still see bumper stickers that read "Live In A Cave. 20,000,000 Ancestors Can't Be Wrong!" Many of them are whatz called 3-D (deep, dank and dark) which makes for great bat habitat but not so cool for humans. But ah, ha mine was cozy, warm, and friendly - a bat did fly in there once but just by mistake, maybe curiosity? So how does one know if there are caves around? First of all try and figure out the kinds of rocks in your area. Limestone and sandstone and volcanic rocks such as tufa and basalt are all the best formations for that but you can find occasional granite caves also. Secondly, search out south-facing rocks and cliffs which makes all the difference for a cozy warm time during winter.

Animals

This is a good place to talk about the animals, which is one of the many rewards of living on the land - those wonderful and sweet and sometimes surprising connections with the animals who become neighbors and friendz - what a gas! One day wandering down from the wicky-up, I came across my local coyote puppy boing, boing, boing along after mom coyote and so from then on I knew who's were those puppy howlings in the wee hours - the funniest and cutest thing to hear! And to bump into the local bobcat and the skunks and the deer and to do outdoor living it's a behoover to accept all species; once laying on my bed, a black widow lowered down out of the ceiling of the wicky-up, I think some people might say that's it! and stomp that spider and out comes the raid spray or some such but as they say this is all of ours' home though I did move her out to a nearby bush and had a few shivery feelings about eggs and babies and stuff up there... and also the biggest thing is our friendz from the rodentia family, our (i.e.. humans') so-called age old enemies, yeah, if you're some greedy wheat farmer or pest control P.R. person or something... fuck that! I've had outrageous times with them which is why I always say:

A Mouse Is Better Than T.V.

Cute is the key word here. How else could I describe my friend Amos (a mouse)? Him and friendz, all fuzzballs with big ears and shiny eyes, they were my curious cavemates. Late night mouse parties is the name of the game with Amos and gang and I wouldn't have missed one for the world... I guess I've missed a few cuz of sleep, but mostly not. Heee, heee... oooohh, scamper, scamper and sometimes they'd scamper all over the bed waking us up. At first it was some difficulty cuz Becky had what you call one of them emotional blocks about small rodents, something about a gerbil stuck under the refrigerator of her childhood or something but cuteness quickly won out and now Becky catches every mouse show she can. She cried when we left Amos and cave. Wah! I guess I've had a tear or two, too. I miss those wild, wild mice!

Rodent-proofing

Here's a few ideas: #1. Rodents want to eat your food. #2. At first they want to poop here and there on your stuff while they're exploring (which is where I usually sit down and have a man to mouse talk about that!) So... you can buy big old metal chests at the thrift store for 5 or 10 bucks what they call sea chests, I think. You might want 2 or 3, one for food and pots and pans and one or two for clothes and bedsheets, The mice probably won't chew too bad on your books (except for the classics.) Also they might want to chew holes in your blankets and sheets (ideal nest material) but I've found that they tend not to bother synthetics so a good feeling synthetic bedcover will protect everything underneath. About wood rats: these guys are the compulsive engineer types of the animal kingdom. They'll construct a four foot nest for no good reason on your bed before you can say SCAT RAT, LIKKITY SPLIT! One way to find out if you've got wood rat problems is if every unattached object in your home that's under 5 or 10 lbs keeps being borrowed or relocated or plain disappears. If one moves into your space, moving out is the only cure, that's why I'm no longer living in my wicky-up.

Round Living

Hmmmmm... We've finally reached the how-to section, cuz caves are already made but wicky-ups: that's your baby as the saying goes. Here's one way to construct a cozy home. Consider whether you're a meadow person, a forest person, creek person or hill person or whatever (I'm a meadow person myself) and pick the place where you feel good and you like the view (but hidden also if need be) and that's as flat as you can get. You know you can get into the whole scene of Geomancy and where the dragon lines come together and all that (which is fascinating) but the way I figure, if you feel good in a place then that's where the dragon lines come together, know what I mean, lima bean? A note here: this of course applies to caves, tents, treehouses and what not also; land owners and rangers, et. al. do not take kindly to squatters. A very important factor to include in alternative outdoor living is whatz called the vagueness factor - a somewhat indescribable principle that incorporates a certain amount of paranoia, intuition, invisibility, ingenuity and some woods skills in hiding one's chosen home and the paths leading to it. So you've found your spot. Flatness: you may have to level a floor by cutting in a bit and then filling in a bit too. Shaping your floor for proper drainage is one of those universal laws that behooves us all. A platform of rocks or sand or wooden palates or whatever might circumvent problems of that sort. Now you can go and cut a bunch of willow branches (with respect and reverence as the Indians would) and bury them butt end down a foot deep in a circle in the ground and then bend them and tie them at the top in the center. Now one can spread black or clear plactic sheeting or waterproof canvas over the willow sticks. The big problem here is making square flat shapes go over a spherical shape which is the opposite problem map makers have had for centuries, it's a headache and there's no doubt about it but with lots of folding and patience and swearing you can do it, the whole time thinking like a raindrop trying to get in, that'll help. There's no beginning that's taken care of. Time to waterproof the floor with plastic or whatever and then voila, carpet (can find great carpets behind carpet stores in their dumpsters) and it's time to move furniture in, etc. An oval door with a small awning and a curtain is the totally happening thing as are round hobbit windows which can be made by cutting a circle out and covering it with clear plastic and have curtains if you want. If you weave rope in a spiral around the willow sticks you can hang (with clothes pins) interesting tapestries and cloths around the inside of your wicky-up for a softer and warmer look and feel... you'll be snug as a bug in a rug! So cozy! Your little nest in the west! All your friendz will want to come and camp with you which is handy cuz you can trade them for showers at their house and all around you've got it made.

Enjoy ---lee



TAILED FROG

Here's some tips from another "Wild Liver"— I'm camped out in a forested area outside of a medium-sized town in the Northwest. One of the main concerns I have here is rain, so I have several brown tarps strung up between trees to form a shelter. The brown helps with keeping me hidden. And when I leave for a bit of travelling I can take the whole thing down, roll it up and stash it in a matter of minutes. Tarps are also cheap. Check military surplus stores for brown, green or Camo ones. Or use clear plastic and paint it to match the local scene. For bedding I have an old sleeping bag and some wool blankets. I do NOT use my good down backpacking bag or, for that matter, anything else I value. This way I can leave camp for days at a time and not worry about it being ransacked. I have a $10/month storage locker in town for most of my belongings.—

It's like the whole world is completely imaginary; all the values aren't in things but in people's heads. The fact that people are collectively imagining the same values at the same time props up the whole system.

For water, there is a small, cold spring 30' from camp. The water is safe to drink, but if such a source is not available where you are, water can be carried from the nearest faucet 5 gallons at a time (which should last several days at least, if you're conservative). Or, water from streams or ponds can be run through one of those backpacker's water filters, available at outdoor stores. Or it can be boiled for 20 minutes or so.... For me, having water that was plentiful, drinkable and easily accessible was a primary factor in determining where I would camp.

You realize that everything is completely fictional and completely made-up; that it's only real for people because everybody's in agreement but you don't have to agree.

My spring water is adequate for drinking and cleaning hands and dishes. For bathing I go to the stream at the bottom of the hill and wash up without soap, generally. If I do use soap or shampoo I carry a bucket of water 100' away from the stream, clean up and dump the soapy (biodegradable only, please) water in the bushes there. There is also a university where I take (free) hot showers when I so desire. Most universities are good shower resources. Just look like a student or act like you belong there and no one will give you a hassle. Other possibilities are the YMCA, state parks, boat marinas or, of course, friends' places.

I usually do laundry one or two pieces at a time each day in the creek without soap. Every now and then I go to a laundromat and blow a couple bucks to get things sanitized/industrial clean. Another good option is to get a large plastic bucket or garbage pail and fill it with water you've warmed up on the fire/stove. Just add soap and clothes and a small toilet plunger and give it "the plunge treatment" for as long as your arms can take it (15 min.) Be sure to dump the water away from creeks.

Food Storage: check behind food co-ops or ask at deli stores or anywhere else where food is purchased in bulk for those 3-5 gallon white plastic buckets with the snap-on lids. These are ideal for storing anything, but particularly food since they are animal proof (unless there are any bears or homosapiens around). I bury mine in a shady spot near the spring. This way, my dumpster-dive veggies stay nice and cool and good for a week. Ice chests or styro-coolers work even better this way.

So, the main point I'd like to get across is just how cheap and simple this all is with just a little ingenuity and scrounged materials. If you've never really camped-out before, start slow and build. While you're still living in town, grab a few blankets, and a bit of food and check out rural/wild areas nearby, for living potential.

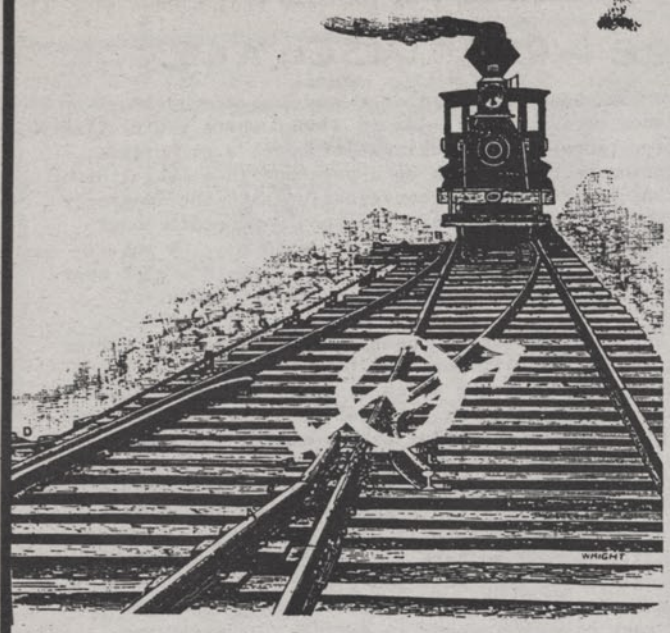
Take it easy, go for a day or two at a time with good weather and get the feel of being out doors. Nothing beats experience. Libraries have books on "wilderness survival" or "beginning camping" that ought to have some ideas on how to construct a tarp shelter or identify poison oak or such things. Don't get caught up in the esoterica of that shit though. It's not as complicated or expensive or fraught with danger as macho "survival" books make it out to be.



Remember, you're not looking to become a wilderness hermit. Stick to areas that can be reached on foot, bike or bus. Cars become suspicious if parked for long terms in out of the way places and can tip off authorities or landowners to your presence. My camp is a 15 min. bike ride from town, down a gravel path and then a 10 min walk up a meandering footpath. Try to keep the beginning of such trails hidden if possible. I lock my bike to a tree at the bottom of the hill with a U-lock hooked through a chunk of 3/4" cable with two swedged loops on either end. These are used for logging and can sometimes be found in junk stores or logging sites. I even get food stamps still! All they want now is a map to my camp in case they ever want to prove I'm really there. Of course, I drew a map to a spot on the other side of the ridge.....

This brings up legalities. On private land you may just be able to ask the landowner for permission to camp there. Don't count on it though. State and federal land all have different regulations about camping on them. Forest Service land has a 14 day limit - if they know you're there. Mostly, if you remain discreet and don't give anyone a particular reason to turn you in, you'll have little problem with the law. In the worst case, they'll tell you to leave. So do it. Just find another site and lay a bit low for awhile. Make your rural squatting experience really fun and bring your friends out there too! So don't wait, get-out & do it! Live wild in the wilds!





HOW WE GOT TO THE RENDEZVOUS

Well we were at this one good place I know under a bridge by a big turn in the tracks there - a nice shady hobo camp, kicking around making jokes and reclining and practicing with our slingshot hitting things and generally waiting and enjoying ourselves and each other's company and nearby were a couple of piggybacks which were good to practice for these friendz that never hopped before but by and large we got impatient after awhile no trains, so we figured we'd kick around somewhere else, go get some beer and so we did and got ourselves under a wonderful old cottonwood in another place by the tracks beating the heat as it were (hot day in San Berdoo) and woo woo wouldn't you know it goes by a train where we'd just been so we jumped up and scrambled our packs on and hustled and bustled fast as we could which is not very fast with packs on all excited over to where that big curve comes around an whamo! what a sight, it's a fucking military convoy train, sheesh. I think we're feeling a little doubtful about it but we figure what the heck, let's get on cuz it's our train and it's starting to roll and this is always the exciting moment, getting on and woo woo what a gas, gawddamn we got on that train and jammed our packs under the wheels and stuff grinning at each other, Mary and Ken and I under our radar truck or some such and Todd and Candice under an ATT or PTA or whatever the army calls those things... and all anti-climatic like it stopped some few hundred yards on with two camoflage army guys running down the tracks (one with a big stick) and they say get off our stuff (we could say something smart ass like it's our stuff too) but we said like sure, nothin' personal, we'll get off and they say we don't mind you riding on the other (non-military) stuff and we say yeah, and woo woo the train starts up and darnit we didn't have time to scramble off and zoom we're on our way and we're yelling yeah, yeah, yeah! I knew this part would be fun cuz the Cajon Pass is pretty spectacular and I'm not sure there's all that many things more invigorating than tooting on through those rocks and tunnels riding on camoflage machines on a fucking freight with friendz their first time. So eventually the train did stop somewhere in the desert and we obliged the soldiers, finally hoppped off scrambled on along and some of those military men were standing around in their boxers on the caboose (which was in the middle of the train), I could see we'd be a sight to see to them - opposites, soldiers and hobos, they gave us six-packs of cold water, thanx, the human touch and on to some grain cars further on back and zoom here we go again Barstow bound and rolling - yeah, yeah, yeah! and into Barstow that big yard we jumped off and over the fence up onto our little hill (the perfect place I swear) and yeehaw you couldn't ask for a more perfect ride so far no hitches, no bulls, a gorgus Mojave sunset and a good time had by all and Candice and Ken hitch into town for fruit and beer and supplies and the guy told them that those tanks are worth 3 million apiece about 20 or 30 of them sitting there on flatcars away down from our vantage point (signs of the times?) around 11 or midnight our piggyback hot shot pulls in for refueling - this is our baby (as hobos are wont to say) and we ran down our little hill and over the fence and stand and sit around being paranoidtill she pulls away and zoom! we're on our way east very fast and just one of the things I'm noticing and secretly giggling about before knocking off is my compatriots all sitting there. Hobo Queens and Kings eating up all that powere and the fast desert air which is just the way I was when I first hopped and still secretly am - Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo, woo, woo we're on our way to the rendezvous!!!
--- lee

Woo-Woo w/o being woo-woo: Hop A Freight!

Dear LWOD Folks -

I took great pleasure in reading the 1st ish of your rag, and eagerly await the arrival of #2!

In response to your call for scams, I offer the following tidbit: ordinary, over-the-counter isopropyl rubbing alcohol will remove the ink from most postmarks, if the stamps are allowed to soak in it for an hour or so. Be careful - soaking too long will fade the stamps' colors. After drying, the recycled stamps can then be glued upon a recycled envelope (remember, one ton of paper can save seventeen trees!) Though somewhat time-consuming, this can be a great money-saving scam, especially for folks who do a lot of corresponsence.

A bountiful source of gummed envelopes is to be found in junk mail, which often contains pre-printed response envelopes. Check the waste-baskets at your local post office. Good luck and happy scamming!

---Bill Wunkle

Dear Whoever,

"The Forest Service's 229 million acres are fitted out with no less than eight surveillance systems ranging from phone taps to closed circuit TV, mail interception is also used. Sensors are placed throughout National Forests that keep tabs on human and animal activities. Even with these aids a special 500-person task force has been deployed in an attempt to locate illegal marijuana growers..." Just the place to feel at one with nature.

"Enforcement activities within the 79 million acres under the supervision of the National Park Service includes the use of miniature transmitters, vehicle tracking devices, hidden sensors, satellites and even scanner receivers (to monitor CB, and "ham" activity.)"

Needless to say, this probably includes BLM land also, so BE CAREFUL! Good luck on your new publication!

(Quotes taken from The "Top Secret" Registry of U.S. Government Radio Frequencies, by Tom Kneitel, available from MJF Enterprises, PO Box 494, Mississippi State, MS 39762, 601-323-5869)

Respectfully yours,

"Rattlesnake"



IS WATCHING YOU!

SOME CALL IT DEVASTATION. WE CALL IT MANAGEMENT.

AT THE FOREST SERVICE, WE CREATE THE EUPHEMISMS THAT OBSCURE THE DIFFERENCE.

SO YOU'LL ACCEPT IT.

BECAUSE WE KNOW THAT EVEN THE BEST PLANS WILL FAIL,

IF PEOPLE RESIST TOO MUCH.







Daily Record
TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1989 ELLENSBURG, WASH. PRICE 35 CENTS
SERVING KITTITAS COUNTY

Vandalism

Kittitas County sheriff's deputies and U.S. Forest Service officials are investigating the destruction of about $300,000 worth of logging equipment in the Blewett Pass area early Monday morning, and vandalism of logging equipment near Easton which occurred sometime this weekend.

Kittitas County sheriff Bob McBride said someone apparently built a bonfire beneath a logging loader which had been operating on U.S. Forest Service land in the Blewett Pass area being logged for Boise Cascade by Swiss Skyline Logging, of Leavenworth.

The fire which destroyed the loader was arson, McBride said, and appeared to involve more than one person.

Arsonists also apparently attempted to start a fire beneath a front-end loader, but the green wood failed to ignite.

A Boise Cascade spokesman said the front-end loader was damaged, however, apparently with a sledge-hammer and cutting tool.

Also Monday morning, a Ferndale man told sheriff's deputies someone put rocks and dirt into the radiators of a yarder and log loader at a logging site on U.S. Forest Service land about a mile east of Easton sometime during the weekend.

McBride said there was a "very distinct possibility" the two events were connected, although he admitted "it's a long way between the two sites."

McBride said his office is investigating the possibility of such a connection.

Protests against current logging practices were held in Cle Elum by the environmental organization Earth First! Monday afternoon. McBride said, however, that the dozen demonstrators who were in Cle Elum were peaceful and demonstrated without incident.

In a somewhat related matter, someone recently spray-painted a blank freeway sign near Cabin Creek with "BN clearcuts," possibly a reference to logging operations in the Roslyn area by Plum Creek Timber Co., a subsidiary of Burlington Northern.



EARTH FIRST! — About a dozen members of the environmental organization Earth First! congregated at the corner of First and Pennsylvania streets in Cle Elum Monday afternoon to display signs and hand out leaflets calling for citizens to stop logging by Burlington Northern subsidiary Plum Creek Timber Co., in the Roslyn area. At left, Kittitas sheriff Bob McBride, seco right, met with Earth Fir bers shortly after they beg demonstration. At right, p

HAIL



WOMEN WARRIORS

BEING WHITE IS NOT A CRIME

BY: KRISTINA HERLER-AGE 12

White and proud
That's what I am
Storming the streets
Getting rid of the trash
What's wrong with knowing
your race is strong?
Aryan people unite against;
Drugs, Race-Mixing, and
Crime.
Brothers and Sisters stand
by my side,
Join the fight for what's
right

EARTH FIRST

By: Tom Metzger

Many of the new generation of fighters do not know that many great men and women have fought valiantly for their race in years past.

One of these great men was Madison Grant, author of "The Conquest of a Continent" and other great books.

But there is another thing you don't know about Madison Grant and that was his devotion to the earth, conservation and what is commonly known today as Ecology.

Mr. Grant help found the "save the Redwoods League", a group still working to protect California's forests.

Now those forests are being destroyed at an unprecedented rate by the Wall Street Jew, Charles Hurwitz. His rape of the land is now a major issue in northern California. But few here know his name, since he hides his ethnic identity behind the anonymous front of his Maxxam Group



DEEP ECOLOGY

Local newspapers discuss the forest crisis caused by Maxxam, but never mention or identify Hurwitz. Currently a group of environmentalist militants, called "Earth First", is trying anything legal or illegal to save the forest from Hurwitz's chainsaws.

WAR encourages its associates to support Earth First and others who struggle to conserve our great North American natural resources.

For what else matters if the race is saved to live in a roped and desert covered continent not fit for habitation?

Conservation is an intrical part of the struggle for our racial well-being. Serious attacks on our environment are equal to the attacks on our great White race.

ARYAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE

Monique Wolfing, Director

As many of you know this world's natural order is extremely out of balance. We are overrun by degenerates, mud races, and sadly enough, traitors to our own proud, White race. We, the Aryans, are the last examples of purity next to nature; but these days even nature and wildlife are threatened due to human's disrespect and abuse. Many animals which used to run free and proud are now extinct or very close to extinction as a result of human's cowardly excuse for power called "sport killing", meaning they find the need in their pitiful lives to establish a sense of dominance which they can't achieve in their meaningless pencil pushing jobs. So, in turn, on the weekends they leave their concrete jungle and embark on their perverted adventure which entails sitting in a bush, hiding like a refugee waiting for the opportunity when an unsuspecting animal happens to wander along. They cowardly point a gun at this unfortunate victim and pull the trigger. The result is a dead animal, whose destroyed existence, if even utilized, will be grabbed by it's lifeless feet, have it's picture taken with it's executioner and later maybe be eaten for dinner. (Or most often left to rot where it was killed.)

Where is the honor so be had here?

If one was starving, and the only means of surviving was to hunt, then of course we are back to the natural food chain. But in today's day and age "technology" has provided us with grocery stores and other such means for food. There is no excuse for killing or harming nature or wildlife. The reason the world is so unbalanced is greatly due to the fact that people don't adhere to this belief.

We, being proud Aryans, are also subject to close extinction these days thanks to the world being overrun by economic determinism. Through the media, White race traitors and minority demigods like to portray us as evil, baby chopping, animal killing freaks.

A particular animal, which is a scape is trying to survive despite ridiculous accusations and falsities, is the wolf. In many ways we are exactly like the wolves. They are pure, they do not mix with other species. A wolf pact has a very strong family structure and they all protect each other's welfare to the bitter end. They are strong, proud warriors and are highly intelligent. But down through the ages the wolf has been persecuted and feared, mainly due to ludicrous christian teachings proclaiming the wolf was the devil incarnate. This all stems from lack of understanding and fear because the wolves were so similar to humans. Also because humans killed off the wolf's natural prey, (recall the term "sport killing"), and replaced it with their own livestock which of course the wolves reverted



to because of lack of natural food sources.

I feel it is our duty to restore the world back to its original balance along side with our ultimate goal consisting of preserving



the pure, Aryan race. What is the sense of having a pure race when nature and wildlife is destroyed because of lack of consideration?

This is why I propose we act now and help Mother Nature along as we strive for our goal. The way to do this is to make ourselves known as being environmentalists and wildlife advocates. There are many groups out there who are helping wildlife and the environment. They are not necessarily White Power groups, like ourselves, but if we make contributions to these groups, we obtain two things: (1) we break out of the media stereotype of being animal abusers, (2) we gain recognition as doing something to help preserve what is being harmed. I personally am corresponding with various groups who are helping in the preservation of wildlife and I feel that by making a large contribution to these groups it will benefit both us and nature.

The reason for the explanation of wolves in this article is because that is the first project; if it is successful and a lot of response is achieved, then periodically we will then work on contributing to other endangered species and wildlife groups. All contributions will go solely to this purpose.

ARYAN WOMEN'S LEAGUE
P.O. BOX 4987
SAN FRANCISCO, CA.94101

W.A.R. GIRL

Rebecca Metzger
Age 8



THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY ARYAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
P.O. BOX 1784
FALLBROOK, CA. 92028

HAIL VICTORY!

(If you personally want to write to some of these groups, here are some good addresses:)

THE ALASKA WILDLIFE ALLIANCE
P.O. BOX 190953
ANCHORAGE, AK. 99519

PEOPLE FOR THE ETHICAL TREATMENT OF ANIMALS
P.O. BOX 42516
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20015

PROJECT WOLF
168 GALER
SEATTLE, WA. 98109

ANIMAL PROTECTION INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
5894 SOUTHLAND PK DR.
SACRAMENTO, CA. 95822

This is for real! Behold the idyllic Aryan version of the white tribe, running free with the wolves, proudly spearing any of the "mud races" and "degenerates" who happen to get in their way, keeping their race "pure" by never mating with "other species" (we know those cute sheep and well-hung stallions are hard to resist), and refusing to hunt and kill any noble animals, knowing that modern technology provides them with Safeways for food.

Why are white power fanatics interested in ecology? Why not? It might help their image -- being environmentalists has been good for Bush & Thatcher, so why not the Nazis? In fact, Hitler and the Nazis used the nature worshipping aspects of pre-industrial German tribal culture to appeal to Germans in their concoction of the "master race" idea.

The power of human culture to create self-deception is immense. A portion of the most overpopulated and destructive species on earth actually sees itself as an "endangered species" and uses that hallucination to justify its continued predation on itself and the rest of the planet. The radical environmental movement must be particularly vigilant to avoid its own tendencies toward fascist self-delusion. Abbey and Foreman's views on immigration and world hunger display the kind of reprehensible short sightedness that fascism is made of.

Beware the twisted channels of obscene cultural forms -- live wild!

--kelpie willsin

Free Long-Distance!

Ever wonder how people get hold of those magic numbers? (i.e. long distance access codes?) Go to a spot where you're likely to find a lot of corporate clones using the phone, e.g. hotels, airports, convention centers. Pick up a payphone in a long line of phones and pretend you're having a conversation with the imaginary person on the other end of the line. You know how people sound when they're on the phone, throw in lots of "uh huh... uh huh... really?... no way... (etc.)" Eventually, if you're in a good spot, a businessperson will pick up the phone next to you and start dialing.

The first set of digits is the number they're calling. After a pause, during which they wait for "the tone," they'll punch in their credit card number. If you watch closely, without being obvious about it (continue talking in brief uh-huhs, oh-my-gods, etc.), you can memorize their calling card number. Write it down as soon as possible, appearing like you're taking down a number that you're friend is giving you over the phone. Finish your "conversation," and immediately go to another phone somewhere else to try out the number and make sure it works, i.e that you remembered it correctly. If not, go back and try again with another unsuspecting wageslave. It may take you a while, but you'll get it.

Then you can make all those extended, in-depth calls you've been wanting to make to your friends in Berlin. Or Managua. Or wherever. Just remember never to call from the phone of anyone you care about. Best to call from a payphone, and make sure that whoever you're calling (if they're a friend) knows to refuse to pay for the call if Ma Bell tries to bill them for it. Incidentally, chances are very good that the number you're using belongs to a corporation and not an individual. But if it happens to be the person's private account, and they suddenly get a bill for $3000 instead of the usual $200, they won't get stuck paying it, Ma Bell will.

WHEN YOU'VE GOT A MAGIC NUMBER:

Besides calling all your far-away friends, take advantage of your free ride on the international phone circuit by calling land-rapers, gov't bureaucrats and politicians. Be creative. Find out the name of the owner of a chain of restaurants in your area. Call up the public relations department of Heinz, and tell them you've stopped ordering their keptchup at all of your restaurants because you found out they're slaughtering dolphins.

Let's say you just heard about some horrible bill that's being discussed in Congress. Call up the capitol switchboard (202-224-3121) and ask for your Representative's office. Tell their aide that if Rep. Tightass votes for this bill, you will abandon him and volunteer for his opponent the next time he's up for re-election. Then call again and ask for your Senators' offices. Repeat your performance for their aides. You don't even need to redial each time, just ask the aide to switch you back to the capitol switchboard, and have them transfer you office by office. Ask for the offices of Reps and Sens from other states and tell them you live in their district (give a real address of some business in their area which you've gleaned from a package, brochure, etc. as your address.)

Better yet, give the magic number to all your friends and organize a phone blitz on some unsuspecting bureaucrat's office. Get everyone to call around the same time with approximately the same message (e.g. "Get the sheep off Savior Mtn. and reintroduce wolves.) Use the magic # as much as you can in the first week or two. Most large corporations change their calling card numbers frequently.

EAGLE EYED AND FLAT EARED

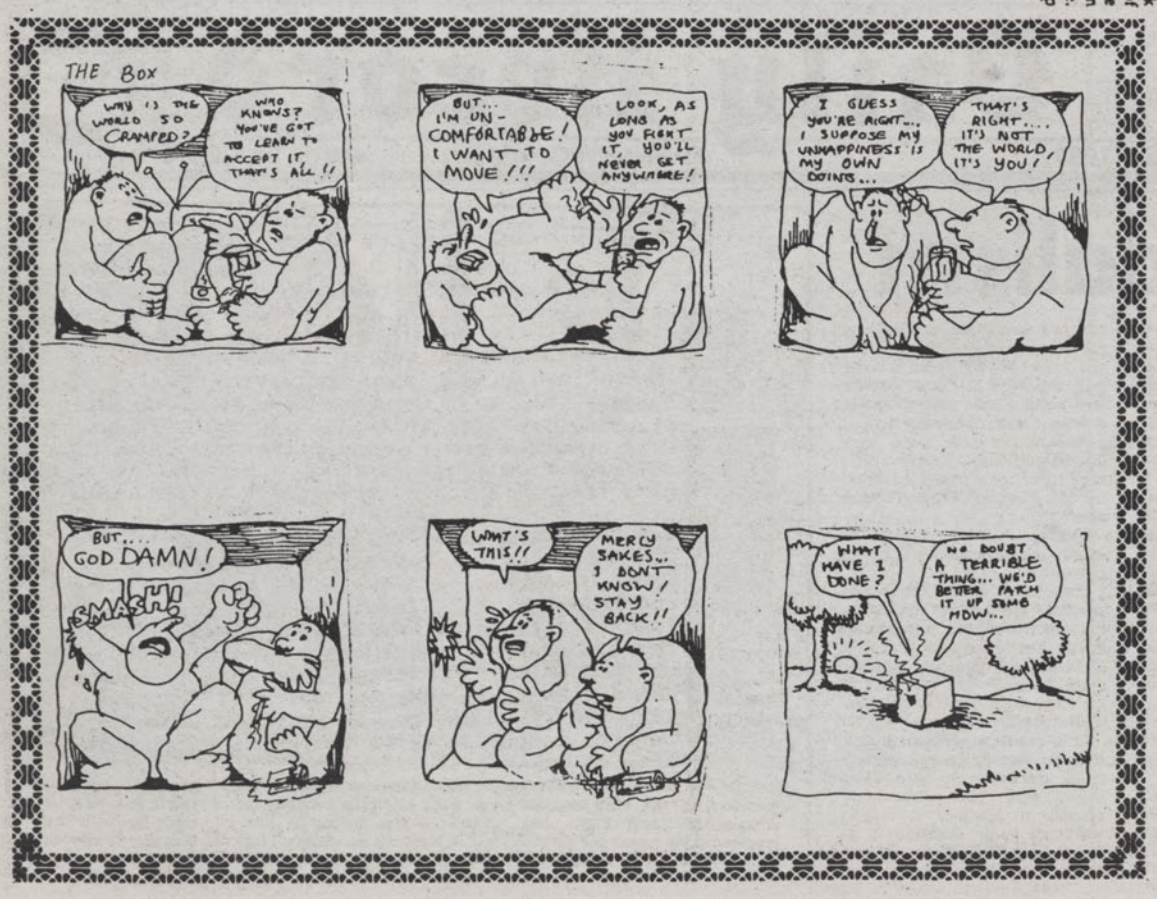
VIEW FROM THE LEDGE #29 (Send clippings to Chuck Shepherd, PO Box 57141, Washington, DC 20037): "A celebration of the submainstream", made up of bizarre reports from legitimate news sources: deadly potty-training, George Bush's butt, a man trapped beneath an outhouse, faith-healing mishaps, and more. Hilarious and appalling. The only way to get a copy is to dig up obscure and bizarre news clippings and send them in. (S-4r) *****



I'm contemplating a new discipline: solitude. Instead of sitting in The Pub or The Point in the late afternoons, being lonely there, I'm thinking I'll save activities like that for another sunset. In the afternoons and late evenings I think I'll go sit by the river—where I've found a beautiful swimming hole—and scribble and write poetry there—just to see if I can learn to like being hopelessly alone, where there isn't even much possibility of meeting anybody.

In a way it sounds forlorn. Then again, considering all the complaining I do about being bombarded with games in human society, I might wind up liking it. (Even in my Ayn Rand days when I used to think I was into solitude, I never was. Nor did Zen get me into it). I always have preferred to be somewhere where the probabilities of getting laid were present. The thing is, though, under the oppression everyone else seems willing to tolerate, we only get laid when the Conspiracy decides. So, pending the day the human race wakes up and slays all the manipulators of human intimacy, I'm not *actually* increasing my chances of meeting someone, sitting like the here of *The Company of Men*, in a bar, waiting to fall in love. Things just don't actually happen that way these days. And the place I've found is very beautiful.

– from "POSSIBLY SUBVERSIVE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS" by Kerry Wendell Thornley in Factsheet Five #32









THE CARGO CULT OF THE DUMPSTER GODDESS
An Idiots Guide to Dumpstering

Okay... so you've been hearing about all this free food to be had from dumpsters, but aren't sure how to get at it, why it's there, or whether it's really safe. Well, like everything else, it depends; but with a few general tips and precautions you can make out pretty well and not get sick.

Why Perfectly Good, Edible Food is In The Dumpster

At the risk of going into a condemnation of consumerism, capitalism, etc. let's just say that the stores don't want to tarnish the shopping atmosphere by selling damaged produce, squashed cartons or dated ding-dongs. Example: a flat of eggs gets dropped in shipping. Some are not broken, but the store doesn't want to pay someone to wash off the intact ones. An avocado develops a spot of mold. Out it goes, even though two seconds with a paring knife would render it perfectly usable. For those willing to rummage in drop boxes, generally located behind the store, this means good food and often lots of it.

Getting Started

Probably the hardest thing about dumpstering is getting into the dumpster and actually rummaging around with your dainty little digits. Having taught several people the trade, I can attest that this is the toughest hurdle for most folks. To peruse a dumpster effectively you really need to (achh!) climb into the thing and start pulling things around. No, the produce clerk doesn't put the best stuff on top for you, though this may be arranged (more on that later.) Start on one side of the box and dig down toward the bottom and center, piling debris up on the other side. Don't bother ripping open plastic "garbage" bags as these mostly contain stuff from register waste baskets, like chewing gum and chicken bones. You're looking for the produce and stocking refuse. When you've reached the bottom, go to the other side and push the pile back into the hole you've just created. Now start digging again. As you begin to score finds, grab a fruit box (mother dumpster provides again,) place it on the corner of the dumpster and begin loading into it. This will free your hands and give you a nice package to take your food home in.

Have fun! Pretend you're an earth raper mining a cheese vein. My father and I (yes, I've been dumpstering for many years) once used cardboard boxes to shore up a pile as we pulled block after block of cheez from beneath it. Have a ripe peach fight with your friends! Just don't make a mess, and pick up any boxes or stuff you may have dropped outside the dumpster when you're done.

This last point is a serious one. Now is not the the time to show the evil corporate system what a great, puerile revolutionary you can be. If stores have too much trouble with messes being left by their dumpsters they lock them up, or worse yet, get trash compactors. Sure these can be wrenched, but it's a big hassle and in the end you've only succeeded in screwing up a free lunch. Wouldn't it be better just to clean up after yourself? This is not to say that if they start locking their dumpster one shouldn't apply gentle persuasion to the lock "to remind them to leave it open."

Produce Managers and Store Employees

"We'd appreciate it if you'd shop inside." - - Thriftway store manager. These people may come out and ask you to leave, or perhaps start with a mild "may I help you?" Again this is not the time to play Jane cool anarchist and yell at the manager about how s/he is merely a cog in the machine and needs to be liberated from wage slavery. Be cool, wrench their car later in the parking lot if you must, just don't spoil the good thing you've got going. A better approach is to say you've got chickens and rabbits at home and are looking for greens (for them.) Don't like lying? Great, get chicks and rabbits! They'll thrive on dumpstered stuff you can't eat. Often this line about the animals will endear you to the manager and s/he may offer to show you some better greens still inside, or even box them for you regularly. In fact, some managers actually do box the best stuff and leave it out beside the dumpster, but this is uncommon to say the least. If the manager insists that I leave, I usually walk around the block and come back in a few minutes to finish up. If you want to stay and confront the cops (I've been thinking about getting arrested in this way just to make a publicity case) the charge will probably be trespassing. If someone would like to do this, someone who doesn't live in Portland, where it's impossible to get busted for political things (just ask Galvin) it would be a good thing for homeless rights, etc.

Safety

Like anything else, rummaging through a pile of garbage can be dangerous. A few simple precautions will minimize the risk and might just keep you alive. The most prevalent danger is unthinking people throw in with all the food. Cuts are especially serious as one can easily contract hepatitis in this way. Another threat comes from toxic industrial or household trash that may have been thrown in. According to OSHA, garbage collecting is the sixth most dangerous profession in the U.S., with more deaths per 100,000 than coal mining. For these reasons (despite the increased risk of harassment) I prefer to salvage during the day. In addition this allows me to peruse the selection and choose only the highest quality items. A good rule of thumb is to always be aware of where you're putting your hands and feet. Don't go reaching into that fruit box until you check to see if there's neon light fragments all over it. Avoid eating the stipped outerleaves of cabbage and lettuce. These have the most insecticides on them.

Food poisoning is the drop-box forager's biggest danger. There are two distinct types of food poisoning which you should be concerned about: salmonella and botulism. Botulism can only grow in anaerobic (without oxygen) environments. and therfore is almost always found exclusively in cans. If you get botulism you will almost certainly die. Fortunately there is a way to detect the presence of botulism in cans. The bacteria produce carbon dioxide gas which will cause the can to bulge out and cause a hissing out when the can is opened. For this reason, cans which bulge out, have deep gouges (which may have allowed air to enter or hiss out when you open them should be avoided. Let me repeat that: DON'T EAT FROM CANS WHICH BULGE OUT OR HAVE DEEP GOUGES!!!

Salmonella is a much less serious form of food poisoning, generally caused by spoiled meat or dairy products. If you get salmonella you probably won't die (though an infant or older person might,) you'll just leak at both ends a lot and wish you would die. The best way to avoid salmonella is to think like a bacterium. Bacteria like warm, proteinaceous media. Avoid them. Check the brocolli you're pulling out to make sure that meat juice hasn't spilled down on it. Wash all food thoroughly when you get it home. Carry a container on your bike or vehicle to wash your hands after you get out of the dumpster. In general, I avoid all meat products unless they're quite frozen, or preserved and salted to death, and then I cook them thoroughly. The same goes for milk products, unless you find them dripping with condensation. Cheese, and to a lesser extent yogurt, are a bit safer because they are cultured milk products. Their own strain of bacteria tends to repress those of other varieties. Most cheese is perfectly safe. It's probably there because it has a spot of mold. Check the wrapper to see if anything's leaked into it and you should be okay. Yogurt is a bit more risky. Again, think like a bacterium here. Open one of the containers, stick your finger in and see if it's cold. How does it smell? If both of these conditions suggest minimal bacteria growth then it's probably okay to eat.

Having had salmonella once (I got it from airline food, not from the dumpster) I probably err on the side of caution. However, throughout 16 years of dumpstering I have never known anyone to get sick from anything that I or my family salvaged. Why take risks with meat and milk products? There's plenty of perfectly safe vegetables, fruit, bread and other stuff. Besides, the last thing we need is bunch of crapping, barfing or dead eco-warriors. How many communes and rainbow gatherings have suffered from bouts of food poisoning? The germ theory is valid, even if it is reductionist.

Dumpstering no doubt has widespread political and social ramifications, which others may wish to address in detail. It is a great food source for an ill-funded army, or anyone who doesn't want to pay high food prices. With a few simple precautions one can safely reduce one's food bill to virtually nothing. You may end up eating nothing but potatoes and yams in the darkest two months of winter, but hey, we live in the northern temperate zone. It's time to start eating like it. Start peering around the back of the store. Ask folks you see there, "Any good finds today?" It's food. It's being wasted. It's there. See ya around back.

DUMPSTERMAN, SON OF WASTE KING

The Ecology of Dumpster Diving:
- A Borgeois Approach

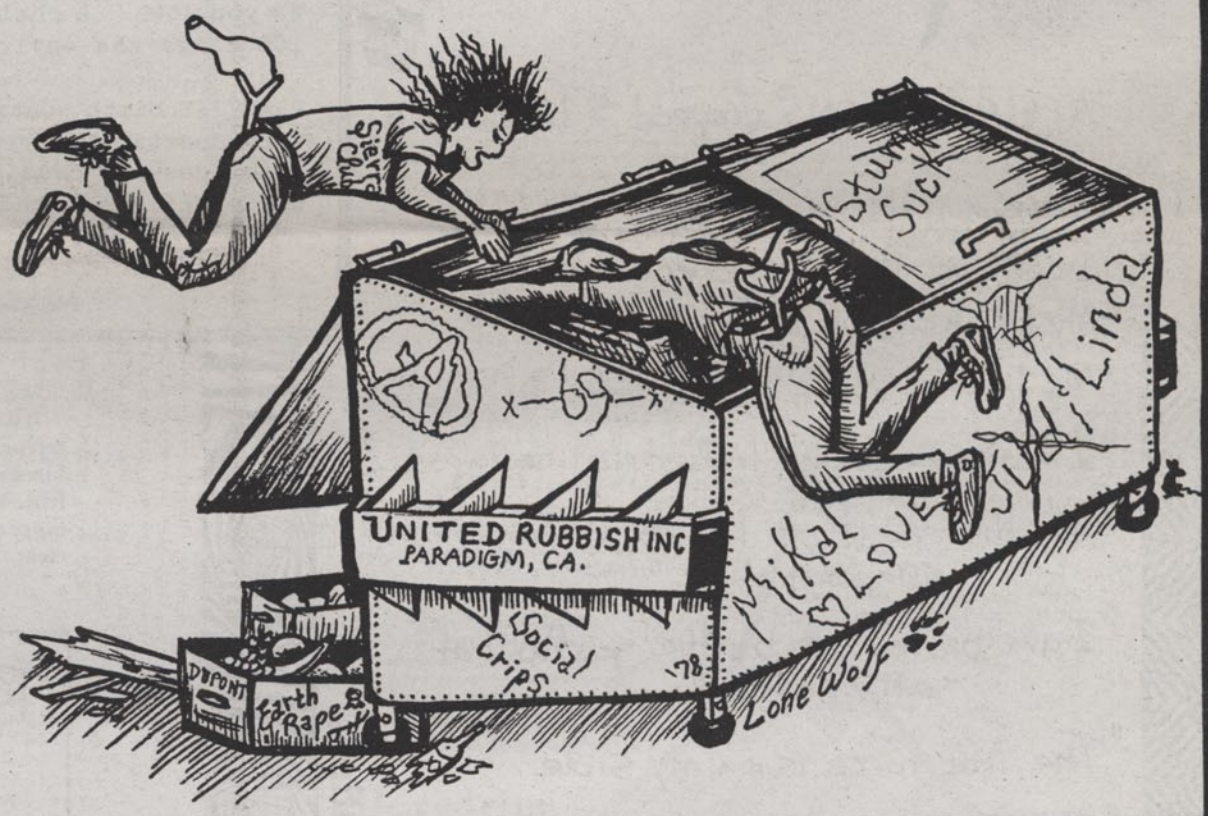
I was raised in a well-to-do suburban family on the East Coast. I always had enough. I was never really happy with it, though. It all seemed so sterile, so contrived. At age 17 I left home to follow the Grateful Dead tour. I ended up in the Payette National Forest in central Idaho.

We pulled into a hot springs which we'd seen on the map, and there was a sign saying it cost $5 to use the springs. I was indignant. Both me and my partner started swearing, denouncing an arrangement that would allow a private charlatan to profit off of a public resource, the National Forest. A hot springs, no less!

A big man with long hair came out and asked if he could help us. We said no, we didn't want to pay and we'd be leaving. He said, "Well, you can work in exchange for a cabin and use of the springs." Soon we had an agreement and this big man (6 ft, 4 in) was smoking a joint with us, telling us what he needed done.

Before long, Tom and his partner Toni were leaving for a few days, letting us take care of the place and their kids, Toby and Theresa. One day on our way back from a bowling trip in town (the kids loved us cause we'd take them bowling, buy them pizza, and do or go just about anywhere they wanted,) Toby said, "Hey, let's check the dumpster." I nervously agreed and minutes later to the shock and horror of passersby, the kid was in the dumpster passing me an endless array of perfectly good food: yogurt, tomatoes, watermelon, chips.

I was hooked. I realized that I had found my hobby, an activity which not only got me free food, but equally important, fucked with the heads of the middle class pukes who now populate Amerika.



The Dumpster As Habitat

When you find a dumpster as a beginning diver, there is an overwhelming tendency to want to take everything home with you so nothing goes to waste. Moderate thyself. Usually there are others eating out of the dumpster. Try to ascertain how many and what their needs are so you don't overharvest. Try visiting your dumpster at various times and taking careful note of any differences in stock.

Dealing with management: sometimes you'll get a cool store that will leave stuff out in boxes for the hungry. Others, you will encounter the sinister compaction unit where no harvest is possible without risking personal compaction (this does happen.)

Inevitibly, you'll meet the fat, balding store manager or worse yet, an ultra-loyal, neo-fascist teenage Slaveway employee. When confronted in or near a dumpster, you have several options. You can politely excuse yourself, leave, and come back later - nightime is obviously the best time to dive hassle free. Or you can say, "Fuck you, pig! You're throwing this stuff away and now it's mine." This may elicit a response from the local police.

Or to be very diplomatic, I usually try to arrange a compromise with the person, like "Okay, I won't dive during busy hours. How's that?" You'd be suprised how many store managers will agree to something like this, not all are fascists. If you run across a particularly viscious store, don't just limp away. Fuck with them. Rip them off, burn them down, find out where their people live and torment their very existence. In a Hobbesian world, one must play by their rules, sometimes.

See 2nd "Newage" page

The missionaries of consumerist spirituality....

Still Spewing NEWAGE

"Inspiring and uplifting."

JUNG ON NEWAGE

But there is still another form of negative thinking, which at first glance might not be recognized as such, and that is *theosophical* thinking, which today is rapidly spreading in all parts of the world, presumably in reaction to the materialism of the recent past. Theosophical thinking has an air that is not in the least reductive, since it exalts everything to a transcendental and world-embracing idea. A dream, for instance, is no longer just a dream, but an experience "on another plane." The hitherto inexplicable fact of telepathy is very simply explained as "vibrations" passing from one person to another. An ordinary nervous complaint is explained by the fact that something has collided with the "astral body." Certain ethnological peculiarities of the dwellers on the Atlantic seaboard are easily accounted for by the submergence of Atlantis, and so on. We have only to open a theosophical book to be overwhelmed by the realization that everything is already explained, and that "spiritual science" has left no enigmas unsolved. But, at bottom, this kind of thinking is just as negative as materialistic thinking. When the latter regards psychology as chemical changes in the ganglia or as the extrusion and retraction of cell-pseudopodia or as an internal secretion, this is just as much a superstition as theosophy. The only difference is that materialism reduces everything to physiology, whereas theosophy reduces everything to Indian metaphysics. When a dream is traced back to an overloaded stomach, this is no explanation of the dream, and when we explain telepathy as vibrations we have said just as little. For what are "vibrations"? Not only are both methods of explanation futile, they are actually destructive, because by diverting interest away from the main issue, in one case to the stomach and in the other to imaginary vibrations, they hamper any serious investigation of the problem by a bogus explanation. Either kind of thinking is sterile and sterilizing. Its negative quality is due to the fact that it is so indescribably cheap, impoverished, and lacking in creative energy. It is a thinking taken in tow by other functions.

C.G. Jung
Psychological Types, 1921

AFFIRMATIONS (repeat 3 times each)

"I am invisible to the cops."

"I can overthrow the government by myself."

"My bricks have wings."

"My license plate is illegible."

"I am visualizing Industrial Collapse."

"At the count of 1, 2, 3, humanity will snap out of it."

"I am protected by the goodwill of all species."

"The life force is on my side."

"I have natural camoflage: I'm indistinguishable from a bulldozer or power tower."

"Petroleum will soon run out. The infrastructure will crumble."

"Civilization will dissolve into low tech communities. Time will heal all planetary ills."

"Every step I take I grow in guile and efficacy."

"I can sway the group mind of my affinity group."

"I can beat 5 felony charges, effortlessly."

"I will pay no fines."

Often we achieve things which we have been desiring and visualizing, and we forget to even notice that we have succeeded! So give yourself some appreciation and a pat on the back, and be sure to thank the universe for fulfilling your requests.

Prosperity Programming Affirmations

If you would learn the secret of right relations look only for the divine in people and things, and leave all the rest to God.

PROTECT THE RIGHTS



OF THE UNBORN

PROTECT their right to clean air and water, to live in a non-toxic environment and to have the use of resources such as minerals, forests, water, air and topsoil.

PROTECT their right to see an old growth forest, to experience the diversity of life and to live an uncrowded, meaningful life. Protect their right to continued life on this planet. Protect their right to a future.

HOW? By using less, wasting less, consuming less and conserving more. When you are deciding whether or not to have children yourself, consider the earth's ability to support them as well as your own. A child born in an industrial nation will have 30-100 times the environmental impact of a third world child.

PRACTICE birth control. If birth control fails, use safe, early term abortion. Over-population of humans is depleting earth's resources and causing mass extinctions of other species. Soon there will be nothing left...

Population Pressure · Box 3005 · Chico, CA 95927

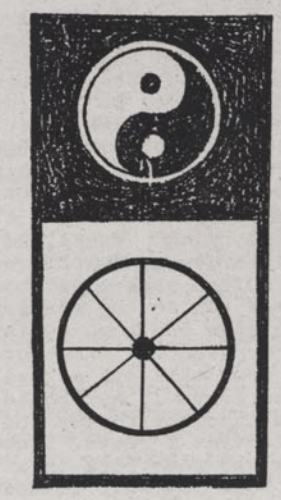
It is clear to me now, that cheerfulness was a form of terrorism; a device of the totalitarian state. A form of black magic that constellated a world by ego-will and froze it in place with fear. This magic has invaded every cell of my body; to this day I am fighting to get clear.

Diane de Prima

Rise above the real world

Come to where everyone loves you
& you get karmic release for just pennies a day

We know all the terminology
We've got all the symbols



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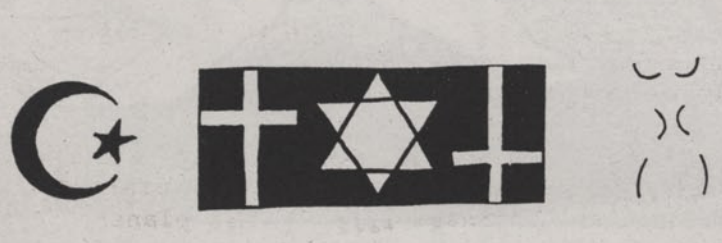
40% Adoption Rate
Highest Since Dark Ages

the San Francisco shelter for lost gods

INTRODUCING OUR ADOPT A GOD PROGRAM

from modern mutts to classic pedigrees we've got the god you're looking for

- Try being jewish for awhile. Yahweh may be old & set in his ways, but he's a classic.
- Christian gods come in all shapes & sizes, but only one color - white.
- Muslims; you'd better come down & claim Allah. he's about to be put to sleep.
- OUR HOTTEST SELLER - * Goddesses * mix & match your favorite prejudices, switch matriarchy for patriarchy & voila- something New!
- Satanists; the devil & god are a package deal. You can't have one without the other.



Dedicated to Bovish, patron saint of the soothed and sleeping.

I.
Mama God sez to her cosmic health officials, "O, cosmic health officials, I don't know what to do with my son-god. he's very precocious, he keeps torturing small animals and driving them blind with pain, and laughing as they eat each other, poor, dumb, insane creatures."
"no, cosmic health officials, I don't want to put him on divine ritalin. I don't believe in it, and besides, he's only a boy; it must be something I've done. I mean, I drove his no good scum daddy away so there was no adequate father figure around, and I WAS rather depressed for the long, troublesome pregnancy, I've heard that can affect the fetus....."
Mama God, you must excuse her, had gone rather temporarily inane with the prolactin rush and continued to feed her monstruous birth and worship him as mothers do. Later, she had a grandson by rape, but he was retarded. Very sweet though. He actually got himself killed by the dumb, crazed, blind animals in pointless compensation for his father's crimes.
Mama God is on valium now. She prefers to be numb. Nostalgically thinking back to her slim, bright crescent days when she was the only thing in the darkness of the universe who kept the tides going to amuse the bright phosphorescent primordial fish. It was later that the sun decided that she needed to be visible and his rays were the first rape--it's a matter of his story.
II. later:
Mama God, not only sedated but in chemotherapy for the skin cancer she's contracted by basking in the sun's rapacious rays there on the moon, is getting more and more senile and sentimental which has its side benefits, as the seas are dependent upon her tears.....
Mama God has decided she does believe in good and evil, despite the prevailing theory amongst the stars (that reality comes in one color:grey). She's decided that the only good thing about her son's terrarium project is the strange chemical he invented, this chlorophyll stuff....she wasn't so hot on it at first, it requires a lot of non-saline H2O to work and that meant a bland low salt diet for her (Yech). But it was fun to watch the green stuff flow around, and ebb.
In her current sedated, soppy mood, Mama has decided from her perch on the radiated moon that green is good and "fighting" evil, the ever-increasing brown and yellow patches. She watches the goodfight and cries, for green is definitely losing. (but now her tears are poisoned by the drugs she's on and don't do much good....)
It's twilight on the moon. Mama groans and yearns for a pleasant nap. If the light would only not shine in her eyes like that Fuck God, she thinks, sleepily.

III.
well, I ain't no fundamentalist, so I've got no literal interpretation of the deities, but I do believe that the god embodied by this culture is a phallocentric ego, a rapist and a racist bastard. Goddess, embodied in the supposedly gynocentric resistence is afflicted with terminal cancer, and is a junkie to boot; the man's drugs are hand delivered to her there on the moon by the CIA.
As long as I see environmentalists driving cars, peaceniks paying taxes, feminists banning books, freedom lovers watching t.v., me drinking coffee, you drinking coke, I say mama's still shooting up there in the gutter on the moon. Only when I see resistence will I say, whoa, mama's got the jitters, she's waking up in a mean mood.....
Til then, only a junk-crazed goddess would require worship: the appropriate sacrament is hot sweetened milk in a styrofoam cup. Laced with arsenic.
--gNixie

Creative Visualization Works Only for Good

Dumpstering Diving (CONT'D)

Don't limit yourself to food dumpsters, either. Auto parts, household garbage cans, clothes, records and bookstores are all part of a well-rounded dumpster diver's diet.

Digging In

Dumpster diving is like a microcosm of the spiritual realm. One could just take a superficial glance and check to see what's easily accessible on top. Or, one could get in and open all the bags to find what's beneath the surface. Dumpsters are like oceans; often the best treasure is at the bottom. Those with patience and persistance are rewarded. Of course, one can go too far. Often I go into a hypnotic trance: long after I've gotten everything I need, I keep searching, ripping open bags almost mechanically like I were held to an electric shock. Sometimes I literally have to be dragged away from the dumpster by my friends.

Bring a flashlight, and you can nearly always find boxes to take stuff home in.

For the really enterprising dumpster diver, you can create your own dumpster reality. Creative visualizations at home, thinking "I hope there are some avocados in the dumpster today," might work. Or, you can take matters into your own hands by going to the produce section and sticking your finger nails into some avocados, perhaps even calling the store manager and complaining about the damaged quality of the produce. The possibilities here are many (read Hunter S. Thompson to master the art of righteous indignation.)

Driving through the wastelands of the San Juaquin Valley, you realize how fucked our way of life really is. Mega Agribusiness, injected full of subsidies, destroying the land for smiling pale faces all happily eating zero-nutrition food, driving around destroying our great planet. Eating out of dumpsters is ecological eating. You are not adding to the need for further cultivation (destruction,) or buying into the sickening transport system for all the gross food.

Eventually, I hope to get back to the land. I've become very interested in permaculture systems, sustainable agriculture, etc. But until I get my shit together, I'm going to try to minimize - in some ways - my impact on the earth. Dumpster diving should be a cornerstone of any ecologically minded lifestyle for anyone who cannot participate directly in growing their own food. Some dogmatists may disagree with any form of agriculture, arguing that they've all lead or will lead to power structures which got us into this mess in the first place. And they may be right. Regardless, I think it's a contradiction to oppose the industrial culture in theory, and then go out and buy all this new stuff. Let's live our philosophy.

Dive in and feel the wonderment of what's under that box or in that bag.

- Karl Montana

The point is allowing yourself to be self-righteous, but simply to be righteous. Caring for the Earth is doing the right thing.
I challenge you to be aware of any suppression you might put upon yourself in the coming weeks. Attempt to expand your boundaries to include fuller expression of your real attitude towards Earth rapers



SIMPLY SMASHING III

IF FORCED TO CHOOSE BETWEEN GOD AND TRUTH, CHOOSE GOD. *from Games*

the tube. I think more people need to be encouraged to try that sort of experiment.

So here's some TV bashing tips:

First, try to minimize the physical danger to participants and lookers-on. Use steel pipes with duct tape wrapped around them for better gripping instead of sledgehammers, because sledgehammers can break at just the wrong moment (it's happened -- but we were lucky!) The actual smashers should wear full-face masks (like a welding mask), long pants & long sleeves, and no one should be barefoot in the area -- there's a lot of glass in a TV screen. People who aren't actively smashing should stand back a good distance from the sets... you'll still hear that satisfying implosion when the vacuum tube busts.... And don't really smash the sets into rubble -- once there's just a pile of little transistors and fragments of glass and steel, each blow of your implement of destruction will scatter those sharp little objects at dangerously high speeds in the direction of your friends and neighbors.

Second, have someone give a little speech to tell the reasons why you think TV's ought to be smashed. This is your chance to really make people think about whether they ought to watch less (or no) TV. And it allows you to turn the event into something more constructive than a simple display of macho force, albeit against the state propaganda machine. My own preferred staging is that the speech should come after some of the sets have been bashed; then, after the ideas have been articulated, a few more politically-conscious smashings finish the event nicely.

Third, watch out for police interference. We've found that our local Guardians of the Law, in the name of protecting the public safety, don't like to see a single screen scratched. This past spring, the most ironic moment of the whole event was when the police surrounded the televisions, and took them into "protective custody" (that is, carried them into the police station) -- protecting its instruments of mind-control. (We had more TV's hidden, and managed to smash a fair few despite police interference.)

So go on out, and smash your televisions, smash your friends' televisions, smash the televisions of your whole neighborhood! There's nothing to lose but remote control.

LIFE IS A CIRCLE

Happy

A game in which players try to "take control of their lives," "get centered," "learn to accept or assert themselves," or "become self-actualized" at great expense to themselves and everyone around them. The player who can first say, with deep feeling and sincerity, "I'm really happy with my life, really satisfied, but you look terrible, like you're not in control of your own reality, like you could really use a weekend seminar with Dr. Happy" and who smiles the whole time he irritates the other players by pressuring them to sign up for a Happy training session, is declared the winner.

Greg Boyd
Santa Maria, California
from Central Park, #14, Box 1446, NY, NY 10023



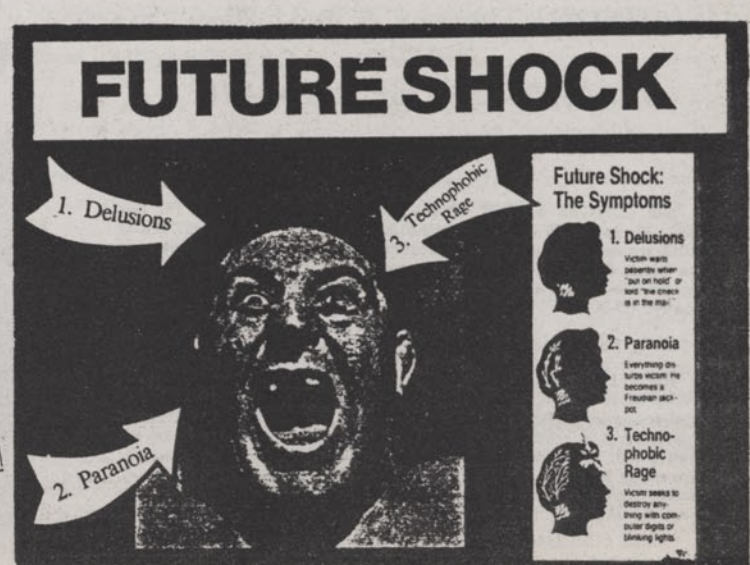
God

Sit at a table across from your opponent. Both players must choose a traditional uniform: nun's habit, evangelist's suit, rabbi's black hat, etc. Each player holds a large fly swatter. In turn, each player states an absolute truth, which the other responds to with a swat across the face of his opponent. The first player to change his opponent's beliefs wins. (Note: players may, upon death, substitute their offspring for themselves to avoid forfeiting the game.)



b. A man and woman devoured by the Terrible Mother
Shaman's amulet, walrus ivory, Tinget Indians, Alaska, 19th century







Will the Foetus Be Aborted
to the tune of "will the circle be unbroken"
by Vic Vac Sectomy & Tutti Toob Tyed
Mary Lou she got pregnant
And was addicted to fifteen drugs
She went down to the abortion clinic
And was accosted by right wing thugs

WILL THE FOETUS BE ABORTED
BY AND BY LORD BY AND BY
THERE"S A BETTER HOME A-WAITING
IN THE SKY LORD IN THE SKY

Little Mary was just forteen
And she was raped by her own dad
Danny Quayle said have that baby
But another choice she had

CHORUS....

Annie's pregnancy would kill her
The doctor's warning gave her strife
Fundamentalists said you must die then
She said "I want my right to life"

Chorus

Brigett had ten kids already
And an abortion is what she chose
Christians showed her a bloody foetus
She said that's fine I'll have one of those

CHORUS
Tania lived for revolution
Wanted to overthrow the state
She had fifteen commie babies
Jerry Faldwell, ain't that great (or)

CHORUS

Reverend Broyles hated abortion
And for a peaceful end he searched
He said "He'd never bomb our clinic"
We said "We'll never bomb your church"

CHURCH

A man walked into the abortion clinic
Said he was gonna rape the boss
Then he'd make her have his baby
And then he'd hang it on his cross

A/k/a Darryl Cherney & Judi Bari/Box 9
Piercy, CA 95467
707/247-3320 or 485-0478

NO LONGER SILENT #2 ($1.50 from Eliza Blackweb, PO Box 3582, Tucson, AZ 85722): A zine of anarchy and feelings. Inside there are collages, clippings, statistics on battered women, notes on the black flag, and first person screams of anger and concern. A less intellectual than usual approach that has room for life and poetry. (D-20)

★★★★★

KICK IT OVER #24 ($2 from PO Box 5811, Stn. A, Toronto, ONT, M5W 1P2, CANADA): I'm beginning to think of this as a post-anarchist paper. About the only traditionally anarchist article in this issue is a reprinted discussion of the place of violence in the movement, by April Carter. Otherwise, KIO is devoted to concerns shared by many anarchists: bioregionalism, sustainability, feminism, Native rights, and so on. Lots of interesting stuff as usual in this issue. (T-24t)

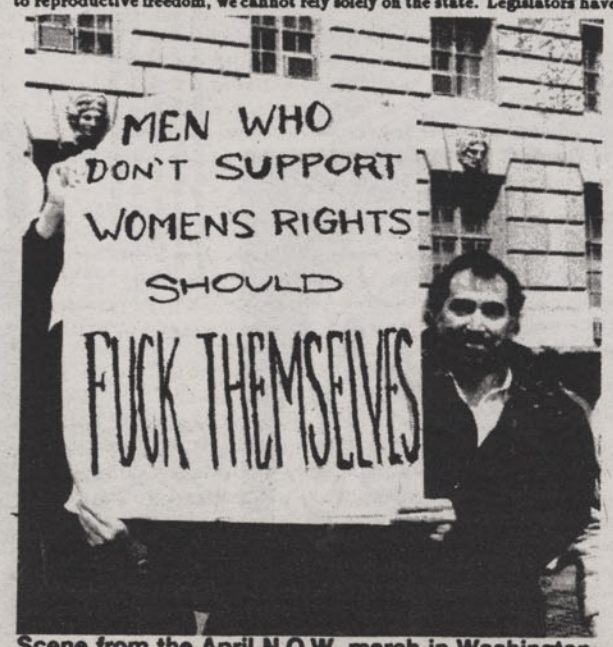
REGAINING CONTROL
Taking Health Care Into Our Own Hands



Today in America, our right to control our bodies is under attack. Religious groups and conservative politicians are eroding our freedom to make our own decisions about reproductive health. This spring the Supreme Court will hear several cases which could have grave implications for reproductive rights. Growing militant anti-abortion groups such as Operation Rescue are staging increasingly frequent attacks on women's clinics. Despite the fact that abortion is now legal, it is inaccessible to many women, especially those who are poor or young. Many women are unaware of or unable to take advantage of their reproductive options due to geographical isolation or a lack of knowledge due to a morally repressive atmosphere.

It is important that we begin to educate and organise to take control of our bodies. We can learn about alternative abortion techniques and establish services such as the Jane Collective, an underground network of abortion providers in Chicago in the early 1970s. There are many concerned health care workers who could be allies in such a program. We can establish support networks for teenagers who must leave their homes or deal with the court system to obtain abortions. We can educate ourselves about alternative means of contraception and abortion such as traditional herbal methods. Much of this knowledge is kept alive by women in Native American and immigrant communities, and is being reclaimed by midwives, witches, and herbal healers, and by those seeking to develop health care outside the control of the medical establishment and the state. We can initiate independent research, production and distribution of new drugs, such as the early abortifacient pill RU-486, which is currently being used effectively in France and China, but is denied women in this country due to anti-abortion boycott threats and the fear of liability lawsuits.

While it is necessary to demand that the government respect the right to reproductive freedom, we cannot rely solely on the state. Legislators have a poor record of accountability on reproductive rights issues, and Supreme Court justices are accountable to no one. Reproductive freedom is too crucial to be left to the state. We must claim for ourselves the fundamental right of reproductive choice, and take our health care and control of our lives into our own hands.



Scene from the April N.O.W. march in Washington.

from The Last Days of Christ the Vampire by J.G. Eccarius $5.95 + 180 pages of hilarious, provocative writing from Ill Pub., Pob 8362, San Diego, CA 92102

"Yes, you can go far with us, Professor. You've had your problems in the past, but we would like your unique talents here. We are a rapidly growing concern. You can have money, power, women, complete research facilities and freedom to publish, whatever you want. And best of all, eternal life. Just a kiss on the cheek and you're in."

I've seen this before, something is wrong, thought the Professor. I don't want this job.

But he was mesmerized, unable to move. As the man was about to kiss him the Professor saw fangs behind the parted lips.

The Professor screamed, struggled, and awoke in Sophia's arms.

The next day he was walking on College Avenue and noticed that Paul was there, preaching to a small group of people. Most were cynical Brown students amused at his rantings.

"... is not the answer, money is not the answer, drugs are not the answer. None of these can give you eternal life. Jesus is the Answer."

"Excuse me, sir," said the Professor.

"Yes?" responded Paul.

"Are you talking about Christ the Vampire?" said the Professor.

"What?"

"Christ the Vampire. He was a magician in ancient Palestine. The Romans tried to kill him." The Professor noted the confused horror in Paul's face and the amusement and disgust of different onlookers. "Only they didn't know to drive a stake through his heart. So he has lived ever since, appearing to people who are weak. Whoever accepts his kiss gets sucked into the whole trip and becomes a mindless zombie wandering around trying to suck in the living by saying things like 'Jesus is the answer.'

"Lucifer, this man is possessed by the devil," screamed Paul, pointing his finger at the Professor.

The onlookers were exiting quickly. The Professor had not anticipated the violence of Paul's reaction. He said very calmly "You'll get better if you stay away from the other zombies."

He walked away, purposefully casual but very aware in case Paul should attempt a physical attack. He was able to contain his laughter only for the distance of half the block. But as Jack had said, "If you could kill that vampire with laughter alone Voltaire or Twain would have done him in."

ARE YOU PREGNANT?

There are many things other than pregnancy that can make you miss a menstrual period, including stress, poor diet, lack of sleep, or an interrupted schedule. If you have not had a pregnancy test, do not assume you are definitely pregnant.

Common early signs of pregnancy (1-2 weeks after conception) are: 1) missing a period; 2) a period with less bleeding or lasting for fewer days than usual; 3) swelling, tenderness, and/or tingling in the breasts; 4) frequent urination; 5) fatigue; 6) nausea or vomiting (morning sickness); 7) feeling bloated and/or crampy; 8) increase or decrease in appetite; 9) changes in digestion (heartburn or constipation); 10) mood changes. Signs of pregnancy may vary.

Pregnancy tests are available through many clinics and medical practitioners. Family planning and women's health services often offer anonymous free pregnancy testing. Look under 'Pregnancy Services' in the yellow pages. Some centers advertising free pregnancy tests (such as Birthright) are actually fronts for anti-abortion groups. Well known centers such as Planned Parenthood may be the most reliable choice.

You can buy home pregnancy testing kits in drug stores for about $10.00. These tests are easy to perform, but give false results more often than lab tests.

Most of the tests used by clinics, as well as home tests, are urine tests. These are accurate for most women when a period is about 13 days late. Laboratory blood tests which can detect pregnancy as early as 7-12 after conception are available, but may be expensive.

Pregnancy Termination

If you are pregnant, you have several options. Many women choose to terminate their pregnancies. While the decision to have an abortion is not an easy one, it is important to be aware of all available options.

Most abortions performed today are surgical abortions using the suction or D&C method. Abortions are currently legally available, but are expensive, and women who are poor, underage, or outside of urban centers may have trouble obtaining them. Abortion laws vary from state to state.

Surgical abortions are safest when performed within the first 12 weeks of pregnancy (the first trimester). For information about obtaining an abortion, contact the National Women's Health Network (202-543-9222) or the National Abortion Federation (800-772-9100), or look in the yellow pages under 'Pregnancy Services'. If you are a teenager, some of the services in your area may be able to help if you need a court hearing to comply with parental consent laws.

ALTERNATIVE ABORTION METHODS

There are many alternatives to surgical abortion. These vary in safety and effectiveness. The following guidelines are applicable to all alternative methods. Whenever possible, consult with someone who is familiar with the technique you plan to use.

General Guidelines

1) The earlier these methods are used, the more effective they will be. It is best to use them between the first day you expect your period and the 10th day after it is due. Effectiveness will decrease significantly after this time.

2) Alternative methods are most useful for women with regular menstrual cycles. It is important to be familiar with your cycle as part of an overall program of reproductive health. You can determine your monthly cycle by charting it on a calendar over a period of time.

3) If these methods are not successful and you carry the pregnancy to term, or if you are breastfeeding, the effects on the fetus or infant are not known.

4) Start with a small dosage (to check for side effects) and move to the full dosage in small increments if there are no adverse effects. Do not take more than the recommended dosage, or for longer than the recommended duration. This will not increase the effectiveness, but may greatly increase the risk of serious side effects.

5) Do not use these methods if you have high blood pressure, epilepsy, allergies, diabetes, heart or kidney problems, or other health concerns, or if you are taking any drugs; these may aggravate existing medical problems or dangerously alter the way the method would normally work.

6) Do not use these methods if you have an IUD or if you have had a recent uterine or pelvic infection. These methods are ineffective if your period does not come while you are taking birth control pills.

7) These methods are not for contraception. Do not take them on a regular basis. Long term effects of prolonged use are not known.

8) Some side effects may be expected, such as nausea or short term vomiting or diarrhea, and cramps and moderate bleeding. If you develop severe side effects such as convulsions, persistent vomiting or diarrhea, or severe bleeding (needing to use more than one pad in 15 minutes), stop using the method immediately and seek medical care from a trained professional or the nearest hospital emergency room.

9) Stop using the method once your period starts, but continue if you only have spotting.

10) All abortion methods entail the risk of incomplete abortion. If possible, have backup access to surgical abortion in case the alternative method fails. To reduce the risk of infection after any abortion, do not use tampons for bleeding; use only menstrual pads.

Herbal Methods

Women have used herbs throughout the ages for abortion. This knowledge has been passed down through traditional practitioners. Herbal methods should not be used casually. They can be extremely dangerous if used improperly. It is important to be aware of your body and its reactions to the treatment. Learn as much as you can about the plants you wish to use. Herbs have varying effects on different women. It is important to get the advice of someone who has had experience using them. You may be able to locate an herbalist in your area through women's centers, health food stores, or spirituality resources.

Most herbs are used by brewing them as a tea. This is done by pouring boiling water over the herbs and letting them sit in a closed container for the recommended amount of time (water should be boiled in a covered, non-aluminum container). Strain the tea before drinking; do not eat the leaves, as they may be poisonous. Use only the recommended part of the plant. Whole herbs should not be confused with herbal tinctures or herbal essential oils. Oils can cause convulsions and death. Herbs can be found in health food stores and spiritual shops. Check the Latin name, since common names may vary.

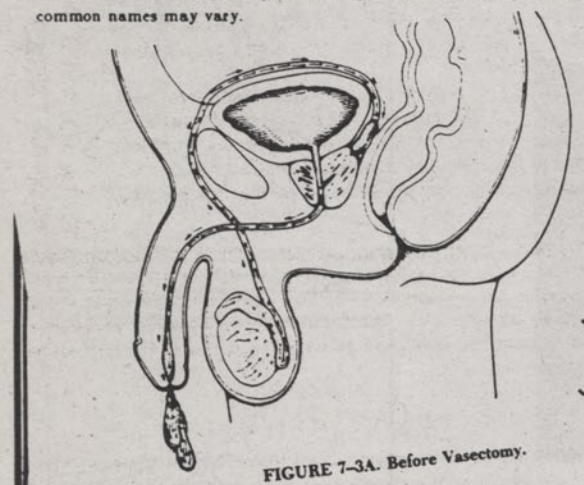


FIGURE 7–3A. Before Vasectomy.

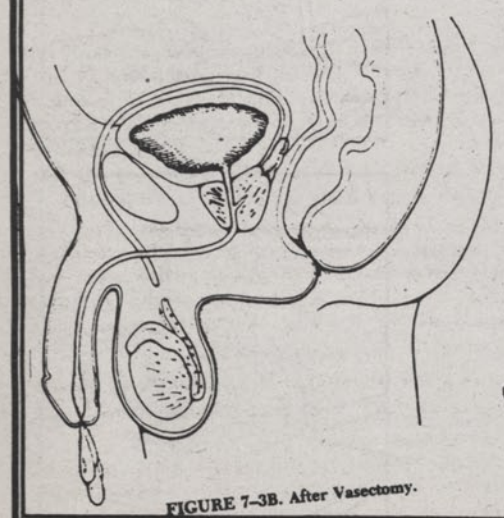


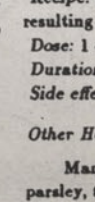
FIGURE 7–3B. After Vasectomy.

GET CUT
Not just a slogan — it's a suggestion!

The herbs below are the ones we found the most information about, and which seem to be most commonly used. Much of our data is from a report by a group of women in Europe who have been using these herbs successfully in an alternative abortion practice. We have verified the information as thoroughly as we could using a variety of sources.

The best results are reported to occur when using two plants in combination, one from *List A* and one from *List B*. The best combination seems to be pennyroyal and blue cohosh. Do not combine two herbs from the same list.

List A



Pennyroyal (*Hedeoma pulegiodes*, also known as American pennyroyal, mosquito plant, squaw mint, tickweed)

Part of plant: whole plant; *do not use oil*
Recipe: pour 1 cup boiling water over 1 teaspoon of dried herb, let steep for 15-20 minutes.
Dose: 1 cup, three times a day.
Duration: 6 days maximum.
Side effects: nausea, numbness of fingers and toes, sweating, dissiness, headache; *pennyroyal oil may cause convulsions and death*

Mugwort (*Artemisia vulgaris*)

Part of plant: leaves or flowers
Recipe: pour 1 cup boiling water over 1 teaspoon of dried herb, let steep for 15-20 minutes.
Dose: 1 cup, three times a day.
Duration: 6 days maximum.
Side effects: sweating, nausea.

Cotton root bark (*Gossypium*)

Part of plant: root (use only organically grown cotton root; commercially grown cotton contains dangerous pesticides).
Recipe: boil 1 ounce of root in 1 pint of water, leave to stand for 8 hours, dilute the resulting liquid with water: 1 teaspoon liquid to one cup of water.
Dose: 1 cup, three times a day.
Duration: 6 days maximum.
Side effects: nausea, vomiting.

List B

Black Cohosh (*Cimicifuga racemosa*, also known as black snakeroot, bugbane, rattleweed, squawroot)

Part of plant: (a) root or (b) tincture (buy pre-made)
Recipe: (a) boil 1 oz. root in water, leave to stand for 10 minutes, dilute the resulting liquid with water: 1 teaspoon liquid to one cup of water.
Dose: (a) 1 cup, three times a day (b) 5 drops, 3 times a day.
Duration: 6 days maximum for root or tincture.
Side effects: drowsiness, increased urination, nausea, vomiting, headache.

Blue Cohosh (*Caulphyllum thalictroides*, also known as beechdrops, blue ginseng, squawroot)

Part of plant: root
Recipe: boil 1 oz. root in water, leave to stand for 10 minutes, dilute the resulting liquid with water: 1 teaspoon liquid to one cup of water.
Dose: 1 cup, three times a day
Duration: 6 days maximum
Side effects: drowsiness, increased urination, nausea, vomiting, headache.

Other Herbs

Many other herbs are reported to bring about abortion (for example, parsley, tansey, yarrow). We found less information about these herbs, and much of it is inconsistent. If you want to learn more about them, consult an herbalist who has had experience with herbal abortions.

Rue (*Ruta graveolens*)

Part of plant: (a) leaves (b) tincture (buy pre-made)
Recipe: (a) pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water over 1 teaspoon dried herb, let sit for 15 minutes



Dose: (a) $\frac{1}{2}$ cup a day (b) 10 drops, 4 times a day
Duration: 4 days
Side effects: nausea, vomiting

For Excessive Bleeding

When using any abortion method, there is a risk of severe bleeding. Shepherd's Purse will reduce bleeding. Keep it on hand when using alternative abortion techniques.

Shepherd's Purse (*Capsella bursa-pastoris*)

Part of plant: tincture (buy pre-made)
Dose: a few drops, applied under the tongue.
Duration: repeat at 15 minute intervals; if heavy bleeding (more than one pad in 15 minutes) persists for more than 30 mins, seek medical care.

Non-Herbal Methods

The following information concerns non-herbal techniques that have been used to induce abortion.

Vitamin C

Vitamin C is the safest of all methods listed. Drink plenty of liquids while taking Vitamin C to reduce stress on the kidneys (Vitamin C should not be used by women with kidney problems). Unlike the herbal methods, some sources have reported Vitamin C to be effective up to 6 weeks after a missed period, although it is most effective when used early. Vitamin C should be taken $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before meals. Vitamin C is unlikely to induce abortion in women who take large doses regularly. Vitamin C can be purchased in powder or pill form in health food and drug stores. Vitamin C may be combined with herbal methods.

Dose: 1 gram, 6 times a day
Duration: 5 days
Side effects: diarrhea, nausea

Additional Methods

The following methods can be used either alone or with herbal methods or Vitamin C. The effectiveness of these methods is not clear, but some women have reported them to be useful.

Reflexology

Focus in the region of the uterus. Massage the ankle just below the ankle bone. Use your thumb held vertically to massage the bottom edge of the bone. The pressure must be deep and firm. Massage 5 minutes per foot several times a day. Deep, prolonged massage of the belly by a trained person may also bring about abortion.

Acupuncture/Acupressure

Acupuncture must be done by someone who knows the appropriate technique. The Needle Spleen Pancreas (SP6) and Colon (C4) sites on both the left and right side are used. The needles should remain in for 30 minutes, during which time they should be stimulated every 2 minutes by turning them in a clockwise direction. Contractions should begin during the next hour or the following night. Acupressure should also be done by a trained person.

Hot Baths

Hot baths are often mentioned as a method of inducing early abortion. Their effectiveness may be due to the heat, or to relaxation and stress reduction.

Menstrual Extraction

Menstrual extraction is an alternative abortion technique developed by the Los Angeles Self Help Clinic in 1971, prior to the legalization of abortion. The procedure is similar to a suction abortion, and is done within the first six weeks of pregnancy. This technique involves specialized, sterile equipment and a knowledgeable support group. All mechanical abortion methods carry a risk of injury and infection, and should be done in a sanitary location by trained persons. Because this technique is complicated, we will not describe it here. Menstrual extraction is a method to explore if you are interested in alternative abortion services. An herbalist or a women's health care worker in your area may be able to give you more information.

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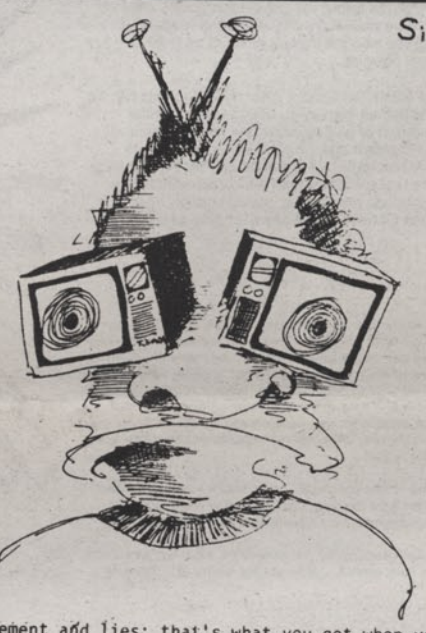
Weed, Susan S., **An Herbal for the Childbearing Years**, Ash Tree Publishers, Woodstock, NY, 1986. *More advanced book on herbalism dealing with women's reproductive health.*

The authors of this pamphlet are a group of Boston area anarcha-feminists dedicated to the idea of putting health care back into our own hands. Our members include a physician assistant, and we have consulted an herbalist and a variety of resources. This pamphlet is solely the work of the authors, and no organization or publication mentioned bears any responsibility for its contents.

Because of the difficulty of finding information on alternative abortion techniques, we cannot guarantee their effectiveness. We may be able to provide further information or contacts in your area. Please share with us your experience using these methods, as well as any other knowledge you may have.

P.O. Box 634, Cambridge, MA 02142

Simply Smashing (cont.)



Excrement and lies: that's what you get when you turn on the tube.

And we become what we watch. From early childhood on, images from the television are mistaken for "experience of the world." Ideas about and relationships to other people, to our government, to other cultures and governments, to other kinds of life, to the planet as a whole -- for hundreds of millions of people, all these are deeply shaped if not principally governed by what comes out of the TV

TV viewers look at pictures of a forest on their 25" screen, and think they know what it's like to live with the trees, to breathe wild air, taste wild fruit, swim in clear, cold, rushing wild water.

TV viewers think they can trust the man in the box more than their own senses: they'd sooner watch the weather report than go outside to smell the air, feel the wind, watch the sky.

TV viewers think they understand what life is like in the Palestinian refugee camps and the South African townships and the flooded countryside of Bangladesh because they've seen a few images of those places on the TV news.

I think that the best way to learn about that is to participate in an event that's covered by the TV-news, and to watch the coverage of the event afterwards. After you get over the first few seconds of anxious straining to see if your mug got caught by the cameras, you'll notice that any resemblance between the actual event and the TV coverage of it is provided by your own memory of the event, triggered, perhaps, by the few isolated and contextless moments shown on the screen. Watch the next story on the news -- does it have anywhere near the immediacy as the story about the event you attended? Of course not! All you experience of the other stories are flat blurry pictures, processed and distorted sound; you have no inkling of what it was really like to be involved. Television is bland, compressed, dead, compared to anything experienced live. You don't smell or taste or feel television.

Television is a drug. It is prescribed in our culture to flatten experience, encourage apathy and distract us from what is real. Its method of action is directly opposed to life.... it deadens us on a physical, emotional, mental and spiritual level.

I hardly ever watch TV myself. I don't imagine that folks who read Live Wild or Die! watch too much either. But there's something that we can do to help other folks, folks who have TV's in their own homes , and are therefore disadvantaged. For example we can host ritual TV Smashings, to help people articulate what they already know to be wrong with television, and to let them know that they can break free (literally!) of its hold on them.

On the morning of our last TV smashing, I went by the post office to mail a package to a friend. The man who was standing behind the counter took a look at my t-shirt, a graphic of a stick-figure taking a club to a TV. He told me that, yah, he could really get behind what that t-shirt said; that he'd spent an evening that week hanging out with his wife and daughter, with the T turned off, and couldn't believe how great it was to really be with his family, a dramatic and wonderful change from just sitting in the same room with them and watching

See "Simply..." III

Then he got an idea!
An awful idea!
THE GRINCH
GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!



NATIONAL AIDS EMERGENCY ACTION
NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 1, 1989

The United States has failed to meet the challenges of the AIDS epidemic because the people who control our country are blinded by homophobia, racism, greed and apathy. They do not believe that they will be affected by the epidemic, nor are they concerned about the population goups affected thus far. The government will move decisively only when the leaders of industry and commerce themselves see the impact of AIDS on their balance sheets and in their profit margins.

The National AIDS Emergency Action will send a clear message that can be seen by the rich and powerful with their own eyes. *Eight years into the epidemic, we suspect that the threat of civil disorder and financial loss will prove more compelling to the President and Congress than appeals to either conscience or reason* Accordingly, we intend to confront the political and economic leadership of the United States with the consequences of their failures by disrupting nationwide commerce, transportation and communications during the peak Christmas holiday shopping season.

What is GRINCH?
GRINCH is an underground national network of individuals who refuse to passively accept the deaths of any more people from AIDS. We are committed to the use of non-violent protest, disruption, sabotage and civil disobedience to bring home the threat of AIDS to all Americans and our government. You can join GRINCH easily - if you agree with our tactics and ground-rules and want to help build the National AIDS Emergency Action, just make copies of this leaflet and help spread the word. Get together with friends you trust and plan an action suitable for your location and situation. Some may prefer to act alone, safeguarding anonymity. Whether out in public or from deep in the closet, anyone can participate in the Action.

Many of the actions proposed in this leaflet are illegal. Look before you leap - make sure you understand the potential for legal trouble. *Loose lips sink ships.* Confide only in trusted friends. Never reveal anyone to be a participant in the Action.

GRINCH has no leaders, no spokespeople, no meetings and no positions other than those expressed in this leaflet. Join us by doing it. Time is running out.

Operation *G.R.I.N.C.H.*

Gay Retaliation for Inexcusable Negligence and Criminal Homophobia

Dates: November 24 - December 1, 1989 and beyond...

Targets: Commerce, Transportation and Communications nationwide

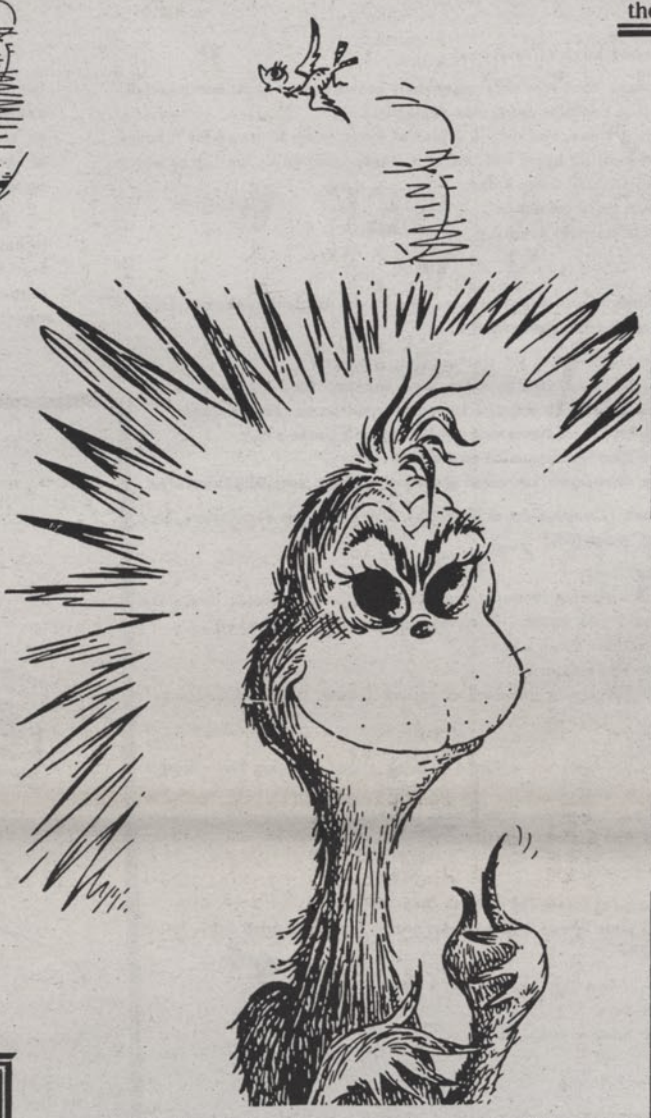
Tactics: Non-violent disruption, sabotage, protest and civil disobedience

Goal: Maximum disruption of holiday shopping season

Ground-rules: Do not harm any living creature.
Do not threaten, hint or imply violence.
Do not obstruct facilities for elderly or disabled people.
Do not panic adults or frighten children.
Do not report false fire alarms or make bomb threats.
Always warn public of hazard or inconvenience

Commerce Targets: shopping malls, retail districts, theaters, parking garages, sports events, etc.
Transportation Targets: airports, train stations, subways, bus lines, highways, freeways, bridges, etc.
Communications Targets: telephone systems, TV and radio stations and transmitters, public and private computer networks, cables, powerlines, satellite receivers, etc.
Additional Targets (Government): city, county, state and federal offices, post offices, military recruitment centers, Republican and Democratic party offices, IRS, CDC, FDA, HHS, etc.

A few suggested activities...don't shop, donate to AIDS research instead; buy only from small businesses owned by gay people, women and minorities; call in sick; organize street theater; block freeway entrances and exits during peak hours; jam locks with epoxy; disable automatic tellers and pay phones; unplug telexes; book reservations on all flights everywhere; march through shopping malls; buy junk cars and stall them on bridges; block airport access roads; stinkbomb theaters and department stores; erase records, screw up computer systems; tie up phone lines to right-wing politicians; dump red dye in public fountains; jam elevators; knock down powerlines; cut cables; disable transmitters; blockade



"starter kit", Cut, Copy, Paste, and Circulate

Curb on Sex Acts Rejected

Special to The New York Times

NEW YORK, Sept. 22 — A Metro-North Commuter Railroad proposal to outlaw some sexual acts on trains and in stations was rejected today by the Metropolitan Transportation Authority's board.

"I just personally feel that this sort of thing isn't a priority for us," said Robert R. Kiley, chairman of the M.T.A., the railroad's parent agency. "God knows, we have enough problems conducting mainstream business."

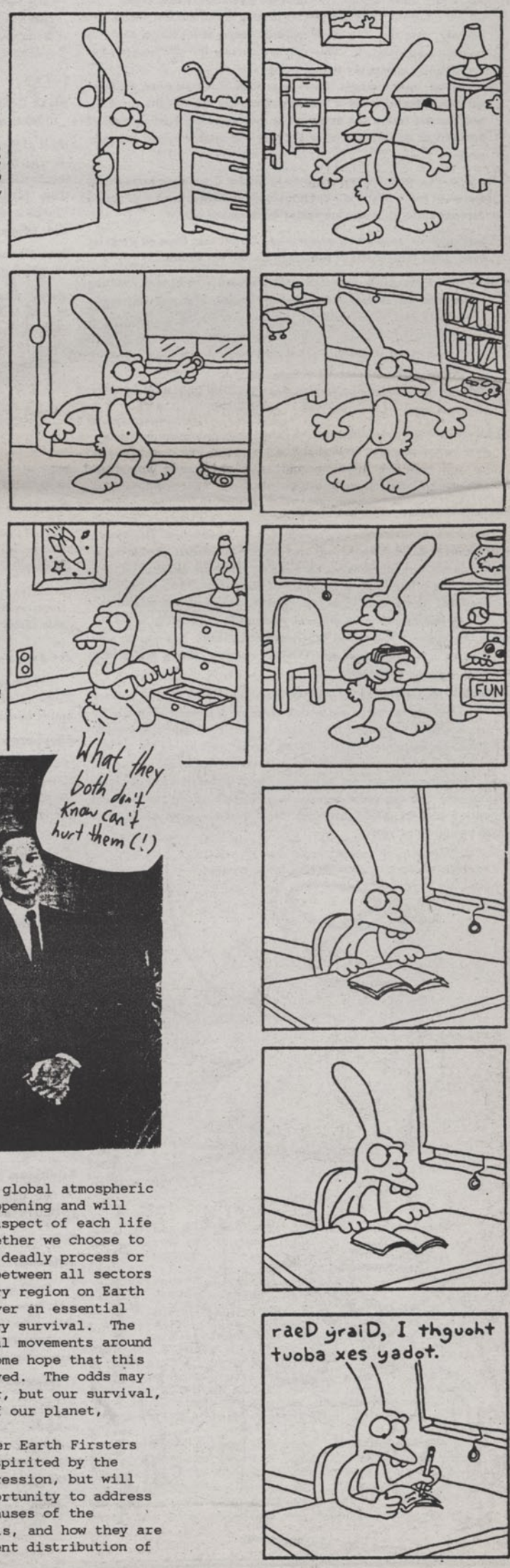
The measure would have prohibited "any activity by a person that involves acts of masturbation, deviate sexual intercourse, sodomy or physical contact with a person's clothed or unclothed genitalia, pubic area, buttocks or, if such person be female, breast, and any activity in which a person exposes his or her buttock or genitalia, or the area of the female breast below the areola."

Mr. Kiley and other members of the board agreed that sexual misconduct was covered by state statute and did not need to be part of Metro-North rules. Until now, Metro-North's 140-member police force has relied on state laws in enforcing law and order.

But at its monthly meeting today, the panel did approve a package of draft rules that critics have said are aimed, in part, at roasting the homeless from places like Grand Central Terminal. The proposals, part of a comprehensive 26-point code of conduct, must be discussed at a public hearing before a final vote.

The rules, among other things, forbid washing clothing or other personal belongings in restrooms; selling or giving away food without the authority's permission; using water fountains for washing; changing clothes or remaining undressed on Metro-North property; lying on floors, platforms, stairs or landings, occupying more than one seat or creating "unnecessary noise."

LIFE IN HELL ©1989 BY MATT GROENING



PREVENTION POINT NEEDLE EXCHANGE NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

Well, here we are, 10 months later, OVER 15,000 "points of light" received and exchanged, and Prevention Point is still going strong. Every Wednesday night, volunteers work in three different parts of San Francisco for two hours, exchanging old syringes for new ones. The volume of exchanges increases steadily each week, and it has become financially difficult for us to keep up with the demand. The bureaucractic, political, and legalistic machinery that will make all of this legal someday (soon?), grinds slowly along. Now, we need you to exchange your support for money. Unfortunately, we do not have the kind of the status that makes your contributions tax deductible, but you can sleep better knowing you have contributed directly to stopping the spread of AIDS via needle-sharing. Checks can be made out to George Clark/Prevention Point, and mailed to 1090 Eddy Street, #604, San Francisco, CA. 94109-7628. Blessed Be Prevention Point Supporters.



"LIGHTBULB" III

The key to our strength is not just going to be our diversity so much as our integrity. How we respect each other and work together will be the key to successful movement building. How we isolate the opposition and confront them directly will be the key to a successful movement. Trying to isolate people within our own movement, as Foreman seems to be doing by his relentless labeling is counterproductive and does a disservice not only to those he is trying to discredit, but to him and the movement as well

Earth First! has not really changed much. For the individual it will continue to be risky to openly support or participate in the Earth First! movement. It will also be risky not participating in what could be the last chance to save the Earth. Today it is widely understood that the Earth will cease to support complex forms of life like ourselves if drastic changes are not made soon. As more people become involved, it will be more important than ever for movements like ours that support ecological as well as social democracy to be heard above the din of an increasingly cautious environmental movement that doesn't want to rock the boat.

Now is not the time to hang up our pearl handled monkeywrenches, but a time to recommit ourselves to dropping them in the gearworks of the appropriate machinery. Reversing this natural holocaust will take much more than preserving a few wilderness areas and stopping a few development projects. It will take more than individual action.

Wide scale global atmospheric changes are now happening and will soon affect every aspect of each life on this planet, whether we choose to participate in the deadly process or not. Cooperation between all sectors of society and every region on Earth is now more than ever an essential element of planetary survival. The growth of ecological movements around the world offers some hope that this can still be achieved. The odds may not be in our favor, but our survival, and the survival of our planet, depends on it.

I hope other Earth Firsters will not become dispirited by the recent wave of repression, but will see this as an opportunity to address some of the root causes of the environmental crisis, and how they are linked to the present distribution of wealth and power.

Arby's replaces clerks with computers

LOS ANGELES HERALD EXAMINER

When Arby's fast food restaurants in Denver couldn't hire enough people to sell burgers and roast beef sandwiches, the franchiser hired computers instead.

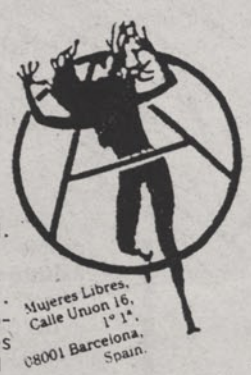
"Touch here to start," reads a box on the heat-sensitive computer screen. The instructions continue in written form.

"It asks whether they're going to dine in or take out; then the menu comes up," said John Wirkkala, marketing director for Management Information Support Inc., which developed the software.

Four Arby's restaurants in the San Francisco area plan to install the system later this year, said Wirkkala.



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WORK



Mujeres Libres,
Calle Union 16,
1º 1ª.
08001 Barcelona,
Spain.

So, you've taken time off from the hectic pace of anti-industrial incitement of riot, and deviated into a job, and you ask yourself in anguish, Is there life after employment? Yes! Even, a granite-jawed prol can conjure up mischief and chaos during coffee-breaks, at lunch, and while earning one's daily bread. The key is reducing productivity. Everyone has to pitch in and help get that Grotesque National Product down to an ecologically sustainable level (i.e. zero). Though the GNP is in the trillions and an eco-anarcho-teur can only do a few thousands of dollars in damages even on a good day, remember: a journey of a thousand miles begins by stealing the car of the ass-bite who sent you.

I restrict the following disquisition to office sabotage, as this was my own purgatorial introduction to the world of work.

First, get your hands on the company stationery and envelopes. THe usefulness of letterhead cannot be overemphasized in a society that runs on the sanctity and dependability of the business logo. Tap into this logo-fetishism. Write yourself a letter of recommendation, apply to a college and get a government loan without the slightest intention of paying it back (you can cost the US government tens of thousands this way). School is the best place to be unproductive (I've been leeching off "higher" education for twelve years now and there's just no end in sight). If you can't get into school, put your boss' stature to good use and write letters to Congress and other government bodies using the company's stationery. Similarly, use the stationery to write letters to the editors of local newspapers on matters of social concern. Imagine your boss' existential confusion as he reads over his English muffins that he denounces corporate greed, supports an endangered ecosystems bill, and has deep disturbing doubts about the legitimacy of the US government. Once you get fired (which is inevitable, let's face it), you might want to take further actions against your boss if he's a real stinker: use the letterhead to order child pornography and notify the police of this menace to the community (he probably buys the stuff anyway).

Second, undermine the business' computer system. No self- respecting company is without a computer, and computers, like dragonflies, are fragile if rapacious things. Learn all the passwords for later infiltration (if the thing is hooked up to a modem). Slyly introduce virus-infected disk files, with the appropriately misleading label, such as WORDPERFEKT MASTER. You can often destroy a good deal of information simply by unplugging a computer while it's running. Or better, place a non-conductive obstruction in the plug which will mystify the computer technician for hours while memos and research are booted into computer limbo forever. A neat trick is to replace the anti-surge power strip with a cheapo, regular power strip ($8). Sooner or later a power surge will etherize valuable data and continue to do so to everyone's consternation, except your own.



"Tools are extensions of a person & are used to extend that person's energy or creativity into the world of material transformation. Machines are extensions of an institutional energy or purpose. People use tools, but are used by machines."

--Ivan Illich, Tools of Conviviality

Competant businesses always make backups of everything put into a computer (but if they hired you their competance is in question). Find out where the disks or tapes are kept. Then, placing a large magnet (e.g. from a speaker) in your purse or lunchbag, loiter nearby. Voila! You've created electromagnetic soup out of what was once coherent info-profit.

Other suggestions: waste time. It's real easy to look busy when you're really fantasizing about the secretary down the hall. Volunteer to do any out-of-office stuff like buying office supplies-- you can waste a whole day and no one can call you on it (blame traffic, the modern equivalent of Medieval demon possession). Also, as much as is prudent, use office equipment for your own irresponsible projects: e.g., xeroxing guerilla fliers.

Finally, corrupt fellow workers. Have an affair, exchange erotic memos, and introduce that special someone to the pleasure of eco-lingus. Ergon plus Eros equals Error equals decreased productivity, and thus does K-Mart begin its inexorable decline into the post-consumerism usufruct doldrums.

MISS ANN THROPY

SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE DON'T WORK.

This is Jim O'Donnell. He has a real job. With the logging industry.

He's holding tree spikes that broke a sawblade. They were put there by people who would rather not work.

Instead, they prefer to live for adventure, spontaneity and the pleasure of genuine experience.

They also sabotage machinery, loot logging sites, pull survey stakes and spike trees. They scorn externally-imposed law, morality and limits.

They refuse, as more and more people are doing, to accept their proper role in society. A role planned for them by people like the timber executives Jim O'Donnell works for who see Nature as lifeless, a pile of resources waiting to be exploited.

These bureaucrats and managers hold this view because, like all commodities, they too have a pricetag on them--called a paycheck.

They too are exploited.

This makes them lifeless, as well.

These "vandals", on the contrary, see Nature as wild, living and beautiful. A source of infinite joy.

They recognize this beauty as part of their own human nature.

They feel wild and free, unconstrained by the shackles of paycheck-to-pricetag consumerism that imprison so many people.

Jim O'Donnell wants them stopped. They are a hindrance to the efficient reproduction of consumer society and alienated humanity's dream of Nature fully tamed.

But what Jim O'Donnell and others like him don't understand is that the smallest glimpse of freedom is never forgotten. Once the gates of liberation are opened, there is no holding back the flood.



THEY SEE LIFE'S BRILLIANCE AS TOO PRECIOUS TO EVER AGAIN RELINQUISH. INDUSTRIALISM IS THE ENEMY. DESTROY WHAT DESTROYS YOU.

WORK, BUY, CONSUME, DIE



Pranks cultivate a very bad attitude. In the first place, you can't walk into a job feeling you're less important than the job anymore. And you always know you have this little weapon in reserve, so if you have to submit to some humiliation, you can exact your revenge.





Retinal Damage in Dead Time, Box 1425, NY NY 10009

BEHIND THE WALLS

BEHIND THE WALLS (BTW) is the publication of the P.A.N.A.L. organization, a prisoner support group, formed to aid and assist those confined in the United States and abroad. Our publication offers prisoners:

- •pen pal services
- •legal news reporting
- •library services
- •counseling
- •news briefs
- •case history reporting
- •exposing abuse
- •spiritual directions
- •outside contacts
- •help directory
- •writing projects
- •creative projects

Other Ways You Can Help . . .

- Spread the word about BTW
- Help with printing and distribution
- Donate to the organization
- Send books and magazines for our library
- Send postage or help with mailing
- Send info helpful to prisoners

5 Star Press
P. O. Box 4167
Halfmoon, NY 12065 USA
(518) 383-0459

Dear Friends,

Many greetings from the gulag. Thanks for the short letter and first copy of "Live Wild or Die!" Please note my new address; my captors transferred me here to a new, more repressive kamp in retaliation for my participating in a class action suit against overcrowding, bad conditions, etc. I was accused of various "subversive and revolutionary" activities...

In any case, yes i would very much like to receive future issues of LWOD. I believe you're aware of the soon to be published "Red Dragon" prison journal. I'm enclosing a copy of our US & Canadian pubications list. I also have a foreign contact list and a listing giving name, number, address, race and sex of about 180-190 political prisoners here in the U.S. A friend on the street is reproducing them for me; my captors censor and carefully scrutinize all my mail but hopefully it shouldn't be a problem.

My main concerns are prison struggles (for obvious reasons) but i think there is a real need to make the brothers in here more aware of ecology (along with combatting racism, patriarchy, and homophobia) as our struggle is not isolated from the others.

I don't know if you're interested, but I'm trying to establish contact with ALF prisoners in the UK and elsewhere, as their voice is an important one (even if it isn't class conscious) in both the prison and environmental/anti-animal exploitation movements. I'll keep you posted on this.

That's it for now. Write when you can.

In solidarity,

-Paul W.

(Note: We'll pass on this info in future issues.

Dear editor,

You have to go thru Hell to get there.

If you're planning on going to hell, get up early. A lot of people are already in line ahead of you. I took the cheapest flight, which took off from San Antonio, landed in El Paso, took off from there and landed in Pheonix, then San Diego, and finally, San Francisco. United wanted as much for a ticket to Sacramento as I had paid to come all the way from Texas. Being a true Texan I decided I'd had enough of public transportation and rented a car.

Never take directions from someone at an airport. After driving some distance due north, when I should have been going northeast, I spotted a McDonalds in the middle of nowhere, where I received a sugar fix and accurate directions. About to fall asleep at the wheel, I saw an Economy Inn on Folsom (my destination) Street. This was the one light amid the darkness of my descent to hell; the room was clean, quiet and inexpensive. I'd recommend it to anyone going to hell.

To enter the gates of hell, get up early. There are a lot of rules and it takes time to get them right. First, you can't take anything with you except ID. Even pens and pencils are not allowed. This means you have to keep every instruction in your head. Second, you have to wear underwear. Now, who would have thought of that? (Buy a bra, girls.)

The inmate who I'd come half way across the country to visit had been placed in the hole a few days before my arrival. That meant our visit would have to be behind glass, on a telephone, and could only last an hour and a half, instead of the usual six hours in the regular visiting room. These are large rooms with snack machines, tables and chairs, where many others are visiting at the same time. Usually an inmate is allowed a "greeting" which can only be one kiss and one hug at the beginning of the visit. Nothing at the end, in between, or at any other time. No holding hands, either!

No one on the outside can possibly imagine what it means to someone there to have contact with normality. Things like a radio, letter, newspaper, book can mean the difference between the life and death of a person's spirit, soul and mind. It's survival of the personal self.

The "goon squad," a group of officers dressed like a SWAT team, bring the inmate up from the hole, handcuffing their wrists behind their back and putting on leg irons, which are attached to a chain around the waist. When the inmate leaves the visiting cell, they back up to a slot in the steel door with their wrists behind them. They are hooked up to other inmates and marched back down to the depths of hell, to total sensory deprivation: no radio, no TV, no food, no heat, no shower, no personal belongings, no hygiene, nothing. Nothing.

This is California, U.S.A. and this is what our Justice Department does to political activists. Remember this trip to hell the next time you think you have freedom of speech. Consider it. You're next.

---Ann Howe, POB 311712, New Braunfels, TX 78131



Political Prisoner on Death Row in U.S.

America s only political prisoner on death row, Mumia Abu-Jamal, has been denied his appeal to have his death sentence over-turned by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court.

Mumia's appeal had also demanded a new trial. The March 6 high court decision ignored a multitude of fair trial violations and refused to consider the political motivations which were central in prosecuting Mumia and getting him sentenced to death.

At the time of his arrest, Jamal was President of the Association of Black Journalists in Philadelphia. He earned the cops' undying hatred especially for his sympathetic interviews with imprisoned MOVE members after the 1978 cop siege.

Mumia was framed up in the killing of a Philadelphia policeman in 1981. At the 1982 sentencing hearing, the prosecutor argued for the death sentence by claiming that Jamal's having been a member of the Black Panther Party showed he was a committed cop-killer. The jury was assured that the death penalty would never be carried out, that Jamal would have "appeal after appeal." For years the Pennsylvania Supreme Court had held in other cases that this obviously false argument mandated automatic reversal of the death sentence upon review. But in its March 6 decision the court ignored its own precedent in its push to silence Mumia by execution.

At his trial, Mumia was denied counsel of his own choice. To get a hanging jury of 11 whites, the court permitted the seating of a white juror who admitted he could not be impartial, while excluding 12 prospective black jurors simply on the prosecution's request.

Jamal's appeal was supported by amici curiae (friends of the court) briefs from ACLU and the National Conf. of Black Lawyers. Ron Dellums, now chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus, appealed to Pennsylvania's Gov. Casey "to remove the cloud of death from Mr. Abu-Jamal" in a letter last November. Thousands of people around the nation have petitioned the governor to demand "MUMIA ABU-JAMAL MUST NOT DIE" as part of a campaign initiated by the Partisan Defense Committee.

Telegrams and letters should be sent to the governor:
Gov. Casey
Main Capitol Bldg., Room 225
Harrisburg, PA 17120
For more information contact:
Partisan Defense Committee
P.O. Box 99, Canal Street Station
New York, NY 10013
Source: Prison News Service

Dear LWOD,

I am a Native American inmate at Leavenworth. I found your paper very exhilerating and informative. Your views on the machine and bringing about its downfall hit me in the heart. Ours here is "unicor," a large, 4-storied sweat shop which in my ignorant and uninformed days I was a cog turning day in and day out. Slaving for the man "machine," I saw and became aware of the using of people here by gov't greed for more money at the expense of our health and welfare. And the abuse and waste of natural resources; wood being the number one wasted and abused natural element. Enormous amounts of wood, people, sweat off our backs are used in the making of frivolous pieces of furniture for the bureau-techno-fatcats sitting in their offices in their so-called capitol.

Many times I have confronted my bosses (slave drivers) about the abuses and mindless process of it all. But all I got in return was "Get back to work, that's an order." Finally I could take no more and quit outright; only upsetting the blind ones (my bosses) and them trying revenge moves against me which didn't work. I fought their accusations and won.

From that day on, I've become an opponent of the machine here. Telling anyone who would listen that they don't need the factory-"unicor." To work instead in a non-productive job and steal from the gov't as I do. I take what the gov't gives me and steal what they don't or won't give me and resell, trade, scheme and scam to make ends meet at the Fed's expense. Wearing and tearing them down a little bit each day.

Some advice would be appreciated and suggested reading and contacts with other people and groups who share my and others' here views. Think seriously now. Because we are behind these four walls here doesn't mean a thing to us. We are strong, willing and ready.

--- J.S.

(You can write to this person c/o LWOD, and we'll forward any materials to him.)

PRISON NEWS SERVICE #19 (Donation from PSC Publishers) ★★★★★
PO Box 5052, Station A, Toronto, ONT, M5W 1W4, CANADA): A collection of prison and prisoners' rights news, mainly from the US and Canada. They deal with important court decisions, individual prisoners of conscience, and the general pattern of repression in these holes. The zine incorporates THE MARIONETTE, a newsletter focusing on the conditions at USP Marion and edited by an inmate there. (HL-16t)

CORRESPONDENCE FROM: PO Box 41233 San Francisco, CA 94141
Name and Address

The above correspondence has been denied to you in accordance with Rule 3.9.1.6. of the TDC Rules and Regulations.
(Check one or more causes for denial.)

1. ☐ (a) The letter contains threats of physical harm against any person or place or threats of criminal activity.
 ☐ (b) The letter threatens blackmail or extortion.
 ☐ (c) The letter concerns sending contraband in or out of the institutions.
 ☐ (d) The letter concerns plans to escape or unauthorized entry.
 ☐ (e) The letter concerns plans for activities in violation of institutional rules.
 ☐ (f) The letter concerns plans for future criminal activities.
 ☐ (g) The letter is in code and its contents are not understood by the reader.
 ☐ (h) The letter solicits gifts of goods or money under false pretenses or for payment to other inmates.
 ☐ (i) The letter contains a graphic presentation of sexual behavior that is in violation of the law.
 ☐ (j) The letter contains information which, if communicated, would create a clear and present danger of violence or physical harm to a human being.
2. ☐ Contains contraband in violation of Rule 3.9.1.8.
3. ☐ Enclosure is in contradiction to Rule 3.9.1.4, 3.9.1.7, 3.9.6 and/or 3.9.10
4. ☐ The package/publication received is not in accordance with the rules. Unauthorized Source
5. ☐ Letter does not meet criteria as Special, Legal or Media Correspondence.

REMARKS: Live Wild or Die!

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT: SUSPENDED.

THE ABOLITION OF PRISONS (Quaker Committee on Jails & Justice, 60 Lowther Ave., Toronto, ONT, M5R 1C7): I suspect you can get a copy of this leaflet for free, though no price is listed. It starts out by looking at some of the myths and realities surrounding prison, and then presents the case for abolition. Alternatives and resources are also given. (L-2t)

★★★★★
Chris Caggiano, CHAINS (Cash/Stamps donation from Oyster Publications, 723 N. Highland Ave., Arlington Heights, IL 60004): One strange story from Chris, a sort of hideous fantasy of a future filled with repression and reprogramming, together with his own somewhat primitive illustrations. It's made more serious by a report on the Federal women's prison in Lexington, home of reprogramming for inmates, which follows. (D-20t)

Lock-Em-Up Whenever Possible

The united states imprisons more people per capita, and keeps people locked up for longer lengths of time, than any other industrialized country. (The soviet union and south africa are second and third.) The prison population has more than doubled in the past ten years, and womin are the fastest growing group within that increase. Is it coincidental that more womyn than ever before are being institutionalized at the same time as the women's liberation movement is gaining a very broad base strength and approval among women???

"PRISONS" change according to need. For example, 50 years ago it was easier to imprison wimmin in the home. Another successful "prison" for womyn, specifically Black womyn, was slavery (total control of wommin's sexuality as well as her physical labor). Another traditional lock-up for women of all races and classes has been mental institutions. *Whenever women* don't agree with the system, and more specifically with their subjugation as women/lesbians, they are called crazy/lesbians ... And the more butch, the more criminal/crazy they are diagnosed. All bad girls in amerika are thought of as crazy. The newer lock-up for womin who refuse in one way or another to be under male control is prison itself, traditionally used almost exclusively for poor men and men of color.

Less Than Minimum Wage: Who Says Prisons Ain't Class-y

The current trend in amerika is to imprison more and more people. And increasingly, prisoners are being used as cheap labor. Building and managing prisons is big business. Prisons are moving away from just warehousing people and are becoming highly militarized forced labor camps.

The unemployables have always included women, but even more so these days. Wommin are the cutting edge of the changing economic scene in amerika. As single mothers, as lesbians, as economic need dictates wommin refuse to accept the traditional roles specified for them under decaying u.s. culture. The roles for Black womyn that were created under slavery have been transferred over to the prison system (in 1985, 46% of all wimmin prisoners were Black). The base theory for u.s. prisons has always been "out of sight, out of mind."

As the working class becomes poorer and more unemployed, BMW's* see a chance to get work for less and less wages. In prison industries workers are paid anywhere from 10 cents to 1 dollar an hour for jobs that workers on the outside would get at least minimum wage for. Women, particularly women of color, have always been the most unskilled and unemployable. This works to keep women dependent on welfare, workfare, all so-called social agencies and on the individual men in their lives. Women prisoners are working in prison industry sweat shops just as colonized women work in sweat shops in Singapore, Puerto Rico, Johannesburg, New York or San Francisco.

Another side of this is the "prison-ification" of amerika. Security systems, drug testing, ID cards, and other control measures that were first used in prisons are being brought into non-prison workplaces and communities. They prove every day that if they can get away with doing something to people in prison, they will do it to people on the streets.

(* BMW's = bourgie male whitefolks.)

from "Womyn in the Joint Wimmin in the Joint" by stomp, bruiser, fang, spanks ... and footnote in Sinister Wisdom #37, Spring '89 at P.O.B. 3252 Berkeley CA 94703 ($6.25).

Mountain man caught near reservoir

SAN MATEO — A bearded mountain man who has lived off the land by fishing and hunting in the mountainous terrain of the Crystal Springs Reservoir watershed above San Mateo County has been captured.

Despite several arrests in the last two years, Stephen Joseph Lyons, 32, has always returned to the wilds of the 23,000-acre watershed.

He was located by sheriff's deputies as he sat in his camp concealed by dense brush. He was arrested for trespassing and possession of a weapon, a rifle, and explosives.

By The Tribune news services

Eco-Fucker Hit List!



People who live in greenhouses Shouldn't burn fossil fuels

If you read and believe expensive ads like this that run regularly on the editorial pages of the opinion-making newspapers in this country, you might think that some of the recent petroleum-related envorinmental disasters were minor flaws in a near-perfect industry record.

You might believe that America's national security is inextricably intertwined with continued access to petroleum, and if we couldn't get our oil that our world would go to hell in a handbasket.

But at what cost is this petroleum addiction? And just who is benefiting from the government corporate petroleum welfare program? And how long can it last before we destroy the environment and ourselves?

In recent years, the effects of petroleum related greenhousing have been profound. Since record-keeping began over seventy years ago, the five hottest years were all in the mid-1980's. This comes after a fifty-year subsidization of the auto and petroleum industry by the U.S. government through agressive road-building and foreign policy support respectively.

If you read these columns in the New York Times, you might believe what the corporations want you to hear, that we still need more petroleum, these are merely climactic aberrations and besides, industry can reform itself and clean up after itself.

But if we look at the four oil spills in the last six months, industry has fallen back on government, paid for by working people like us, to come to its rescue by providing cheap clean-up services and encouraging, authoritative words of comfort to the public.

To top it off, these corporations, mainly Exxon, will write all clean-up costs off their taxes, and turn around to charge us for it and the oil lost in the spill that sterilized some of our most beautiful and pristine wilderness.

While hundreds of volunteers breathe poisonous petroleum fumes while scrubbing the oiled rocks and bodies of countless otters and seabirds, the real criminals, the directors and managers of Exxon, continue to bilk us, the government and the environment for continued higher profits.

There are ways of resisting this horror, however. Find an Exxon station, preferably one owned by the Exxon corporation. Be sure to scope it out with regards to who is where and when, and the frequency of police activity in the area. Use tools that can be easily hidden and are commonplace that won't attract attention.

- At night, use a knife to slice the hoses running from the pumps to the nozzles.
- Pull up in your vehicle or bike as if you were going to buy gas or fill a tire, and write anti-Exxon and Valdez spill-related slogans on the pump face with a marker.
- Go to the station in the dead of night and put super glue in any keyholes you might find.
- Spray the promotional Exxon flags that surround some stations with motor oil or molasses to symbolize the oil spill.
- Take out Exxon credit cards under false names, run up huge bills, and don't pay them.
- BOYCOTT EXXON!
- Go to K-Mart or another such store and steal or buy a wrist rocket sling shot, and use unfingerprinted marbles or machine nuts to take out a few windows in the station. REMEMBER: THE TARGET IS PROPERTY, NOT PEOPLE. BE CAREFUL. USE GLOVES! DON'T GET CAUGHT! TAKE REVENGE!

These options are all fun and games, but the real solution is to decrease our reliance on petroleum products and energy. We are trained and molded into lives which depend on cars, plastics and other consumerisms that come from oil.

Take a bus. Ride a bike. Carpool. Use reusable containers. RECYCLE. Eschew plastics. RECYCLE. Revolt against the consumerist society that forces us into boring jobs all week and then places maximum value on how much of "the best" you can consume regardless of the environmental consequences.

The earth is being killed by mindless consumption fueled by greed for profits. There is little time left, and if you don't take a stand against the earth-raping industrial society, who will?

Mobilize

against petroleum addiction

"Live Wild or Don't Live at ALL"-EARTH FIRST!

ANTI SECOND ANNUAL
NATIONAL WILDERNESS CONFERENCE
Friday, April 21, 1989 and Saturday, April 22, 1989
John Ascuaga's Nugget
Reno, Nevada

* * * *

NATIONAL CO-SPONSORS:

AMERICAN FARM BUREAU FEDERATION
NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION
AMERICAN MINING CONGRESS
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS
UNITED 4WD ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION
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SPORTSMANS VOICE - GREENLEE CHAPTER
NORTH WEST TIMBER ASSOCIATION
SOUTHERN OREGON TIMBER
GREENLEE PUBLIC LANDS COMMITTEE ← AZ County where AN environmentalist was murdered in 1979 or 80

The following list comprises those organizations that are presently considering co-sponsoring or that have been invited to co-sponsor:

WESTERN ENVIRONMENTAL TRADE ASSOCIATION
MINERS ADVOCACY COUNCIL (Fairbanks, AK)
IDAHO MINING ASSOCIATION
ASSOCIATED OREGON LOGGERS
LAS VEGAS GEM CLUB
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GREENLEE COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
GREENLEE CATTLEGROWERS ASSOCIATION
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NATIONAL STEERING COMMITTEE - 1988/1989

Co-Chairmen	TIMBER	Roberta Andersen Timber Association of California 1311 I Street, Sacramento, CA 95814
Co-Chairmen	HUNTING	Richard DeChambeau National Rifle Association PO Box 638, Ione, CA 95640
OIL AND GAS		Fernando Blackgoat Exxon Company USA PO Box 120 Denver, CO 80201
AGRICULTURE		Patty McDonald National Cattlemen's Association 1301 Pennsylvania Ave., NW Washington, D.C. 20004
AGRICULTURE		Don Rawlins American Farm Bureau 225 Touhy Avenue Park Ridge, IL 60068
MINING		Lewis R. (Rod) Higgins Nevada Mining Association One East First St., Suite 900 Reno, NV 89501
LOCAL GOVERNMENT		Mark Walsh Utah Association of Counties 55 South State, Suite 300 Salt Lake City, UT 84111
LEGAL		James Burling, Esq. Pacific Legal Foundation 2700 Gateway Oaks, #200 Sacramento, CA 95833
LEGAL		Constance Brooks, Esq. Lindsey, Hart, Neil & Weigler 222 SW Columbia, Suite 1800 Portland, OR 97201
OFF-HIGHWAY		Robert Rasor American Motorcyclist Association 33 Collegeview Road Westerville, OH 43081
WILDERNESS		A. Grant Gerber, Chairman Wilderness Impact Research Foundation 555 6th Street Elko, NV 89801



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Weyerhaeuser supplies 70% of the private label diaper market, with over 200 different brand names. They supply such chains as:
Toys R Us, Albertsons,
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Weyerhaeuser's own line includes:
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Weyerhaeuser Real Estate Company
Weyerhaeuser Financial Services, Inc.
Weyerhaeuser Mortgage Company
Republic Federal Savings and Loan
GNA Corporation

plus all Weyerhaeuser wood and building products

Send us your nominations for the Eco-Fucker Hit List!

DISARM AUTHORITY!
ARM YOUR DESIRES

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC

Hi There.

On March 24, in the wee morning hours, mistakes were made in the waters of Prince William Sound, way up someplace in Alaska. By now you all know that our tanker, the Hexxon Valdez, was hit by a treacherous submerged reef that made us lose 240,000 barrels of valuable oil into the uncooperative waters of the Sound.

We could sue that reef if we wanted to, but that's just not Hexxon's style. Instead, we are keeping our fingers crossed that this whole thing will blow over in a matter of weeks. Sure, there will be disgusting pictures of filthy birds, fish, and other unsavory wildlife. But I hope that you know Hexxon has already committed several hundred people to those stubborn otters that still happen to be alive.

Finally, and most importantly, I want you to believe how sorry I am that this incident occurred. We cannot, of course, undo what has been done. Only God can do that, and He caused the whole damn thing in the first place. But I can assure you that since March 24, this little "ink-in-the-drink" problem has been receiving our full attention, and will continue to do so until you forget about the whole thing.

Thanks for your continued support. We couldn't do it to you without you.

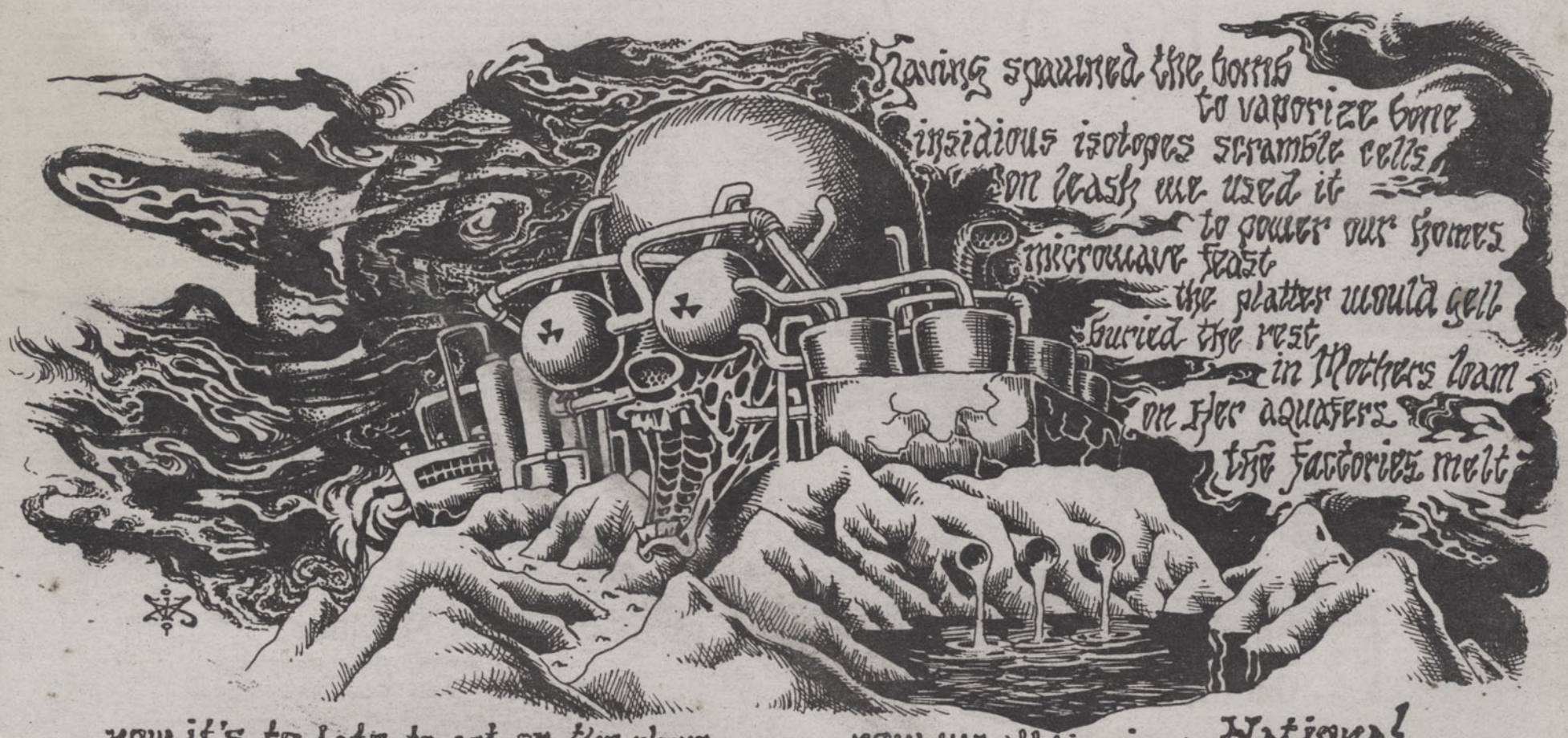
Keep on pumpin'

L.G. Crawl,
Chairman

P.S. To those who have suggested that we Hexxon executives should be forced to go to Alaska and scrub those oily rocks ourselves, not returning until the job is done, no matter how long it takes, we say simply this: <u>You don't understand. We are rich and powerful beyond your wildest dreams.</u>

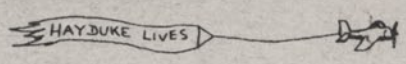
HEXXON

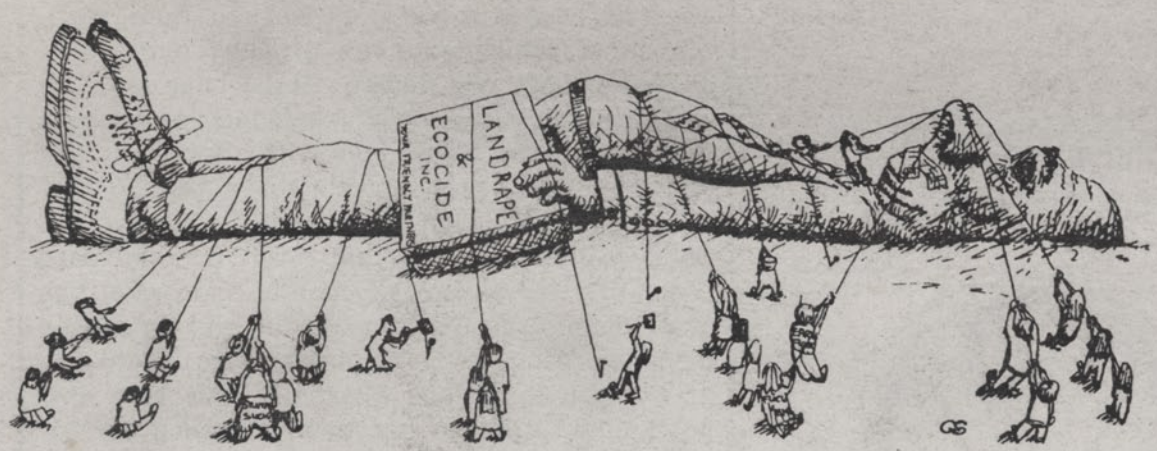
-from *Life in Hell*



now it's to late to get on the phone
defecation future generations tell

now we all live in a National
Sacrifice Zone
because the boundries have gone to hell





The Next LWOD
POB 13765
Portland, Oregon 97213





Conflict Gypsy

read is the new green

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